

# The Sketch

No. 782.—Vol. LXI.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



SONIA.

MISS LILY ELSIE, THE SONIA OF "THE MERRY WIDOW," AT DALY'S.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Hanfield.*





NOW it came to pass that I had been reading "Hustled History," the latest pamphlet of those revered humourists, the Rev. E. V. Lucas (University College, London) and Archdeacon Graves (Owlton Lodge, Norfolk). And I fell asleep. And in my sleep, lo! I saw this vision, which I shall entitle—

#### HUSTLED HUMOUR.

A shop in Fleet Street. Displayed in the window several comical books, all in paper covers. To the glass itself affixed this inscription—"ANY ARTICLE IN THIS WINDOW ONE SHILLING." In the centre of the shop a large table, loaded with newspaper-cuttings. At one end of the table is seated an elderly gentleman with a bald head and a long grey beard. He looks very tired, and rests his poor head in his hand. At the other end a spruce, clean-shaven, alert little man, something between a worldly-minded curate and a clerk with monastic tendencies.

At a small table in the darkest corner of the room is seated a third man. He is tremendously hard at work on pen-and-ink drawings. Whenever he stops working, which is very seldom, THE ARCHDEACON (the man with the beard) growls savagely, and THE CURATE takes a pot-shot at THE TAME ARTIST with a ruler, a paste-brush, or a pair of scissors. Over the mantelpiece hangs a large framed portrait of Sir Isaac Pitman.

THE CURATE (gazing contemptuously at the wearied ARCHDEACON). Well, of all the rotten collaborators—

THE ARCHDEACON. Ah, my boy, it's all very well for you to talk, but when you get to my time of life you'll discover that the loss of a whole week's sleep—

THE CURATE. Oh, I'm sick of your complaints. I'd turn out the stuff on my own, only you give a kind of academic touch to the blooming things that I haven't got. That's the advantage of Marlborough and Oxford over "private" and London. All the same, if you can't turn out those dog-Latin names a bit quicker, Emanuel or one of those chaps'll be tumbling to the same idea, and collar all the twopences. . . . Morrow, if I catch you stopping to light another cigarette, I'll— (Snatches up paste-brush.)

THE ARCHDEACON (galvanised into renewed activity by this awful suggestion). Allright, allright! (Thinks hard, groaning the while.) Look here, would it be funny to call Bernard Shaw "Bernardus Shavius"? How does that strike you?

THE CURATE. Not much in it, but one of Morrow's drawings might carry it. Caricature of Shaw, Morrow, and look sharp about it. In the meantime, I'll have a slap at some of the younger humourists.

THE ARCHDEACON (nervously). Not those on *Punch*, I beg of you. Mr. Seaman has such an objection to wrangling at the Table. He says that it makes the waiters disbelieve in the efficacy of the Normyl Treatment.

THE CURATE. Shut up, Owl! It's coming to something, upon my word, when I have to have tips on tact from the Archdeacon.

THE ARCHDEACON (eagerly). By Jove! Not a bad idea for our next, that! "Tips on Tact." One shilling net, by the authors of "Wisdom While You Wait." Morrow could do a couple of hundred drawings for it, and we could get it out before Easter.

THE CURATE. Dry up! Emanuel's done it.

THE ARCHDEACON. Of course! (Sighing.) How quick they are, these young fellows. Sometimes I almost wish that I had confined myself to my work on the *Spectator*.

THE CURATE (savagely). So do I. Get on with your Latin exercises.

[Silence. THE CURATE is very busy with the scissors and paste. THE ARTIST, having finished the caricature of Bernard Shaw, is now at work on the seventy-fourth comic advertisement. THE ARCHDEACON, having laboriously turned "Edward Verrall" into "Edvardus Verralinus" in order to pacify his collaborator, again rests his head in his hand and murmurs dreamily, "'From a College Window.' A beautiful title—quite beautiful."

THE CURATE (looking up sharply). You think so, do you? Perhaps you'd like to change places with A. C. Benson?

THE ARCHDEACON (hurriedly). No, no, my boy! Once I may have dreamed of a quiet collegiate life, an old window looking out upon the Broad Walk, and just one dreamy article for the *Spectator* each week. But that was before I met you and we joined the staff of *Punch*. Now the fever of hustle has me in its grip, and I know that I shall go on turning out bob books until I die.

THE CURATE. I'm not so sure of that. If you don't buck up a bit, we shall lose our vogue. (Fiercely.) Was the second half of "Signs of the Times" funny, eh? Answer me that?

THE ARCHDEACON. Not so funny as the first half, Edward. I admit it. But then you would stick to your idea about a new Club each month, you know, and it was bound to wear thin. Besides (dropping his voice to a whisper) we tried to do with less Morrow.

THE CURATE. Well, we'll have plenty of him this time. (Calling.) Here, you! Let me see that Diabolo drawing!

[THE ARTIST brings the drawing to him. He is rather cramped, not having left his stool for twelve hours.

THE CURATE. Yes, that's quite funny. We shan't need any letterpress on that page. Have at it again, lad!

THE ARCHDEACON (wistfully). It must be rather nice, you know, to collaborate with a Lord, and sell your book at forty-two shillings instead of a shilling.

THE CURATE. Benson again! Now, I'm determined to put a stop to this. Before you go to the Athenæum for lunch, you will write four hundred advertisements of imaginary forthcoming books, in each advertisement making A. C. Benson collaborate with a well-known Peer. That will make your mouth water. Ha! ha!

THE ARCHDEACON. Shall I say anything about the price of Benson's books?

THE CURATE. N-o. . . . Did I hear you laughing, Morrow?

[Morrow shakes his head sorrowfully.

THE CURATE. So much the better for you.

THE ARCHDEACON. Talking of that, Edward, do you remember how we used to laugh over "Wisdom While You Wait." How light-hearted we were in those days, to be sure!

THE CURATE. Amateurs are always light-hearted. If you want to be a professional funny man you must take the rough with the smooth. . . . Where's that clipping from the "Office Window" in the *Chronicle*? Oh, yes. Just shove in "this writer" as often as you can, and a couple of lines in parenthesis about Oriel, and send it down to the printer. (The telephone goes.) Answer that, Morrow, will you? . . . No! on second thoughts, I'll see to it myself. You get on with your work. (Goes to telephone.) Hullo! Yes, we're the "Shilling Bazaar" Are you Pitman's? Right O! What's that? You have it on good authority that Nash is bringing out a burlesque on "The History of the World" in three weeks' time? (THE ARCHDEACON pales. MORROW works on.) Great Scott! Who by? Oh, that beast! Well, we must be out in a fortnight, that's all. I promise you that none of us will sleep until you have enough stuff to make a hundred pages. Right O! (Rings off.)

THE ARCHDEACON (groaning). I am not quite equal to the strain, Edward!

THE CURATE. Rats! Buck into it, Charlie! Faster Morrow!



## THE TACTICS OF THE SUFFRAGETTE.



## NOT EXACTLY WELCOME AT THE CABINET COUNCIL.

Certain of the suffragettes' leaders made a determined raid on 10, Downing Street, the Premier's official residence, last week, and two of them got as far as the swing-doors that lead to the Council Chamber, where, at the moment, the Cabinet were drafting the King's Speech for the opening of Parliament. It was on this occasion that two of the suffragettes chained and padlocked themselves to the railings outside the Premier's house. A curious sidelight was thrown on the situation when Mr. John Burns returned to the Council meeting, which he had left for a time. He found the door closed, and could get no answer to his knocks. Eventually he raised the flap of the letter-box and shouted his name through the slit, with the result that he was admitted.

*Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.*



# SAVED FROM DEATH UNDER THE ICE BY A LIVING CHAIN:

REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHS OF RESCUES IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.



1. THE MOMENT AFTER THE FATALITY: SOME OF THE UNFORTUNATE SKATERS STRUGGLING IN THE WATER.

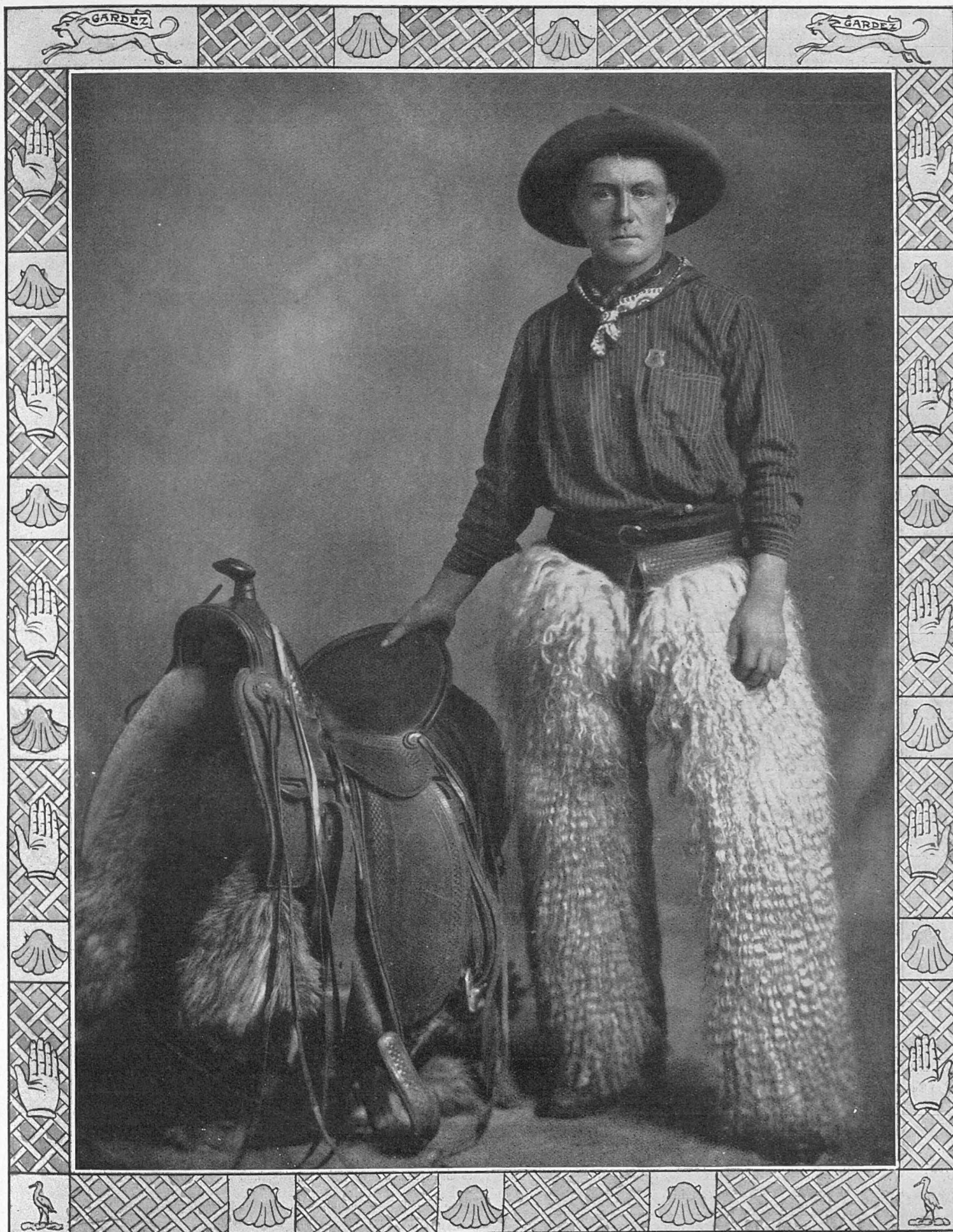
2. SAVED BY A LIVING CHAIN: RESCUING SKATERS FROM THE WATERS OF THE LAKE IN THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

Some thirty people who were skating on a lake in the Bois de Boulogne last week were suddenly plunged into the water by the breaking of the ice. The park guards and others did heroic rescue work, and saved all but five or six of the unfortunate skaters.

*Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.*



## THE REAL TITLED COWBOY—A RIVAL TO MR. LEWIS WALLER.



SIR GENILLE CAVE-BROWNE-CAVE, 12TH BARONET, IN HIS COWBOY KIT.

Sir Genille Cave-Browne-Cave succeeded his father, Sir Mylles, as twelfth Baronet last year, and he has just been found in the Wild West by the agents of the family lawyer. In some few details—though not, of course, in all—his career suggests that of the picturesque hero played by Mr. Waller in "A White Man." Sir Genille, however, is no mere stage cowboy. This is well shown by his records in steer-roping contests, which we take, by permission, from the "Star": "Tombstone, Arizona, 27 sec.; El Paso, Texas, 23 sec. and 26 sec.; Kansas, 23 sec. and 25 sec.; and Bliss, Oklahoma, 23 sec." He is here shown in full cowboy kit, and beside him is his high Mexican saddle, showing the knob from which the lasso hangs. It may be mentioned that Sir Genille was born in September 1869. He is patron of the living of Stretton-en-le-Field, Derbyshire. His family is of Norman extraction, and the first Baronet was a strenuous supporter of his Sovereign during the Civil War. [Copyright Photo, graph.]



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### TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Sixty (from Oct. 16, 1907, to Jan. 8, 1908) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

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### TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

### TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

### SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

### GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.

PUBLISHING OFFICE: 172, STRAND, W.C.



## FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

### "LE FAUX PAS."

By André Picard.  
Théâtre des Variétés.

may so express myself, for a lady with the wintry name of Mme. Saingellé allows him to keep her divorced heart warm for her, and this, as a simple addition sum will show you, makes two families.

Now, while Bertrand Talloire has been putting one and one together, as it were, his wife Marguerite has tried, and is still trying with some puzzlement, to put two and two together. The question in Marguerite Talloire's mind now is, "Shall I or not?" Because, you see, there are two of them—Edouard La Houpe and Robert Gontier. Robert is rich and rather foolish; Edouard is poor, lives on his debts, and does not like it.

Both of them love Marguerite more or less, but she is severely kind to both of them. You know the kind of kindness that I mean: "You may kiss the lobe of my ear if you feel you must, but if your lips slip down to mine I will call the police." Neither of the young men likes these play platonic, and the lady herself is not quite certain whether she feels that wondrous thing (that has to be expressed in French) *la grande passion* for either Edouard or Robert. Edouard is more impatient than the other one. He has a collection of curios in his *garçonnière* (what is the French for *garçonnière*?) on which he is particularly anxious to have Marguerite's opinion. Marguerite offers to give it him by telephone if he will show her photographs of the *objets d'art* (more French), and Edouard gets annoyed. He says that Marguerite knows what he means, and that when a young man is as anxious for the opinion of a pretty married woman as all that, it is death or a broken commandment. Marguerite does what all women do when a nice young man, with nasty wishes, threatens suicide. She smiles a wicked little smile and tells him not to be so silly. "But that's the way in which I love you," says Edouard, and Marguerite replies, "Tut, tut!"—of course, in French. "'Tis well," says Edouard (in French likewise); "life is a burden. So, farewell!" No! Wait a bit! "Adieu!" is what I meant, of course. Now, a friend of the Talloires is a Countess of rather more than middle age. This lady, Countess Gros, has read in Edouard's palm the sign of sudden death. Therefore, when

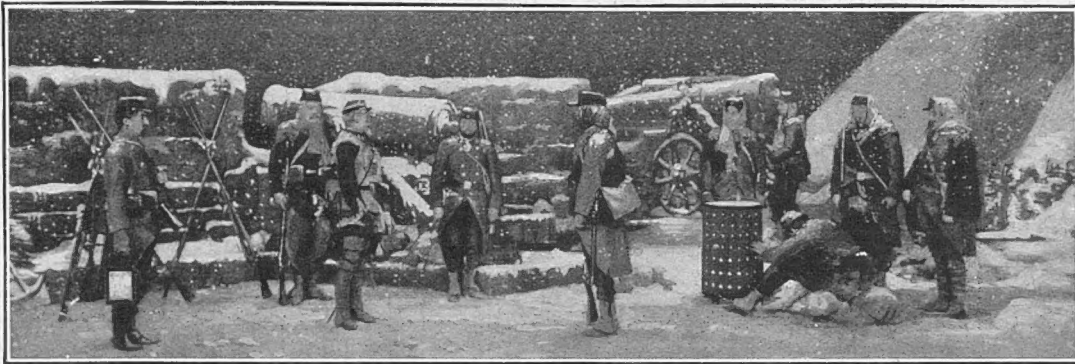
Edouard takes his farewell—his adieu, I should say—of Marguerite, the little lady becomes pensive—or *soucieuse*, as it were. A divided husband, and one admirer only, are short commons for some Parisiennes, and she begins to wonder whether by any chance he means to end that useless life of his which she has refused to fill up with happiness. Just then someone says, "Oh, Great Scott!" just like that (in its French equivalent), down in the street below.

Marguerite says, "*Mon dieu!*" and covers as much of her expansive (and expensive) heart as a very small hand can cover. Edouard is brought upstairs, pale and chipped in places. A motor-car ran over him just as he left the house. "Yes," he explains, smiling the pale and interesting smile which is

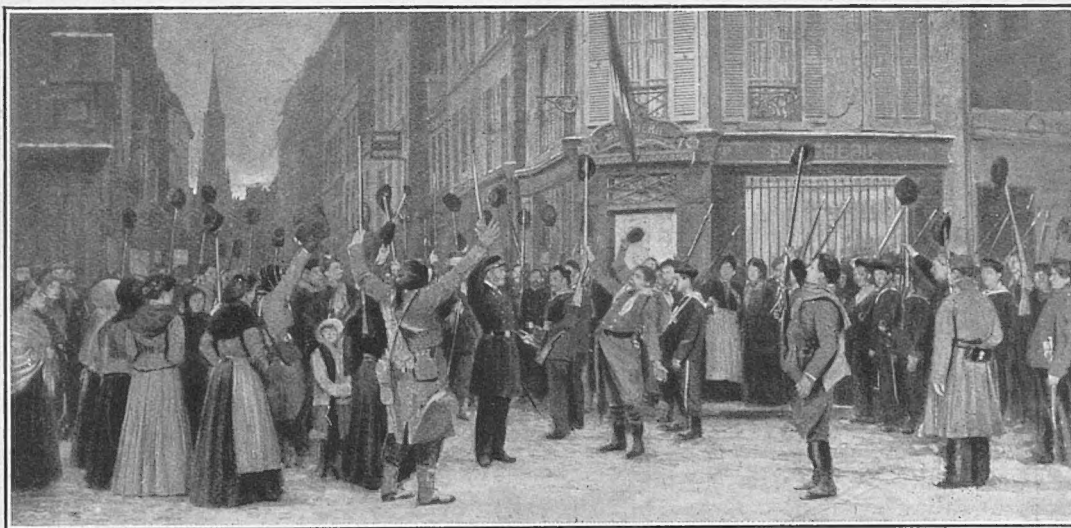
to soften Marguerite's expansive and expensive heart. "Just fancy! My foot slipped on a piece of orange-peel"—and the chiromantic Countess, with nods and winks and shoulder-shrugs, makes it quite clear that the orange-peel is Edouard's sentimental alibi. "You have done this for me?" says Marguerite softly to Edouard, and the villain, whose foot had slipped with the most prosaic kind of slip, sees his opportunity and seizes it, and in a loving whisper answers "Mps." Of course, the story of the all

but suicide spreads over Paris. Bertrand is very much annoyed. Edouard has not been badly hurt, and Marguerite is much too fond of him. There is nothing for it but divorce, he says, and Marguerite, his wife, agrees with him. But Edouard has no money, and when he hears that Marguerite's idea of the future is life in Guatemala fighting redskins (the author of the play is French, and his geography is not quite what it should be), herding cattle and living on rather too literal a régime of bread, goat-cheese, and kisses, his ardent humour cools, and he thinks that he'll think it over. But Bertrand Talloire will not hear of this. In several plays of late we have had husbands giving away their wives to the other fellow. Bertrand offers to give Edouard a comfortable income with his, and this impulsive generosity makes both Marguerite and Edouard think a bit. "If he wants her so little—hum!" says Edouard to himself. "He's rather an old dear," says Marguerite. And so, of course, the Talloires re-become one and a half (Bertrand assures his wife that the frozen lady doesn't count for more than half a one) and Edouard drops out of the story.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



ON THE RAMPARTS: A NIGHT SCENE DURING THE SIEGE OF 1870.



THE CAPITULATION: THE NATIONAL GUARD, SAILORS, AND ARTILLERYMEN SINGING "LE CHANT DU DÉPART" BEFORE MARCHING ON THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

THE PLAY THE FRENCH PREMIER HELPED TO PRODUCE: "L'APPRENTIE," AT THE ODÉON.

As we noted in our last issue, M. Clémenceau, the French Premier, took much interest in the production of "L'Apprentie," and it was he who suggested that the "Chant du Départ" should be sung at the moment illustrated in our second photograph.

Photographs by Larcher.





# THE CLUBMAN

DAVOS—THE SCHATZALP RUN—SKELETON RACING—SKIKJORING.

I SLEIGHED into Davos from the south, instead of coming into it by train from the north, and I found that I had made a mistake in doing so. In the first place, I was almost frozen, for the snow fell during the whole of my journey from Alvaneu over the pass, and I saw but little of the beautiful scenery; and in the second place, the pathos of Davos struck me at once when I saw the place from the south. The first buildings one comes to are a couple of sanitoriums high on the hill-side, and as soon as the town is entered one notices that all the houses and hotels are built to face

I stood on the path which edges the track just before the finish, and watched the heads of the tobogganers—all that could be seen of them—as they emerged from the forest, then saw how they seemed to turn into spatchcocked frogs as the track brought them above me and facing me, and felt how fast the pace must be when the "skeletons" (for the race, a time test, was on sleighs which were simply iron runners with a pad on them for the rider) rushed up the bank as they took the sharp turn at the end. Three ladies, two of them quite young girls, rode, it seemed to me, with more certainty, quicker, and undoubtedly with more grace than any of the men. They partly sat, partly lay—in Early Victorian times one would have said that they "reclined"—on their little sleighs, they rarely used their feet to check the pace, and one of them had so gained on the man who preceded her by a minute of time at the start that she had nearly caught him up at the finish.

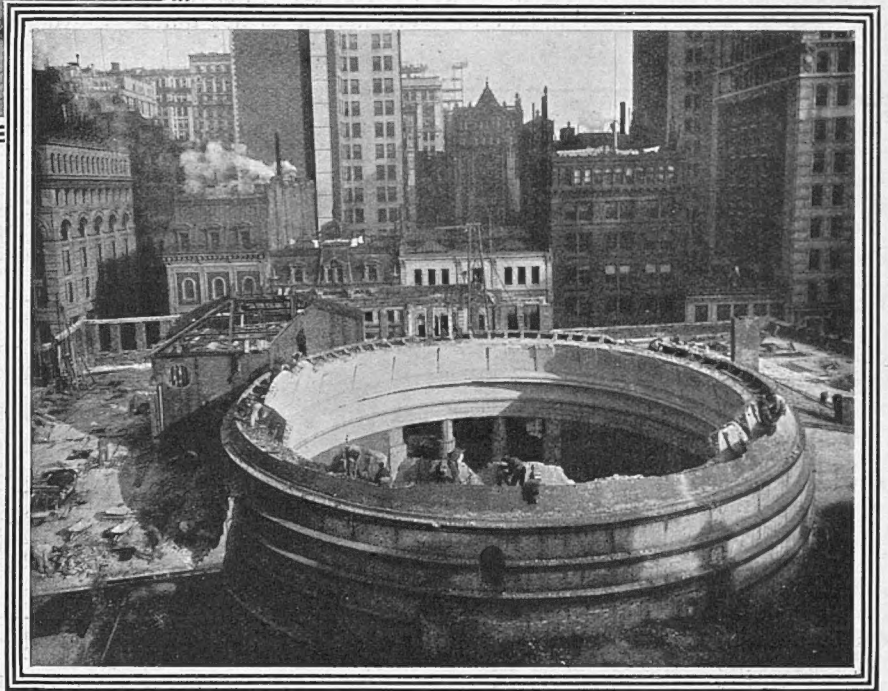
One sport the ladies have not taken to yet—nor, for that matter, have the men amongst the English—and that is "skikjoring." This rather unpronounceable name means racing horses with the drivers on skis, and, like the skis themselves, it is an importation from Norway. There are meetings for this novel form of horse-racing both at St. Moritz and at Davos. The horse, not the man, has to use its intelligence in this racing. The animal has light rope traces, fastened to a band which goes across its chest, and these are fastened to a little bar. The driver either holds this bar in his hand or buckles it on to a belt he wears



TOPPING THE EGG: REMOVING THE DOME OF THE OLD NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE—THE BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

south, and that in the verandahs and balconies of almost all of them consumptive patients are lying on long chairs wrapped up in rugs and blankets and coats. The sight of the shops and rinks, the skikjoring course, the funicular railway up to the start of the new bob-sleigh run, all the merry life of the place, comes as a second impression, entering the town as I did.

Whenever I see ladies meeting men at any sport, I always wonder whether they are not really better sportsmen than their so-called lords and masters. It is only lack of experience which puts them in the second place. If they had the necessary knowledge they would, I fancy, excel the men in all the pastimes which require daring. This recurred to me as I stood and watched the racers come down the new run on the Schatzalp. This new run, with a floor of ice well padded with snow, has been made to give the visitors to Davos a track almost at their hotel doors, so that they may not have to make the long trip out to the Klosters Road. A wire railway, originally constructed to take people up to a restaurant with a beautiful view and a sanitorium, carries the tobogganers, with their sleighs—big, medium, or little—up to the start of the run. No nation has so much experience in building mountain railways as have the Swiss, and as a toboggan or a bob-sleigh run has to be laid down very much on the lines of a railway, no nation makes them as well as do the Swiss. The Schatzalp run is practically at the same slope throughout, and has only two sharp turns, neither of them dangerous. It is not a run, however, on which a tobogganer can go to sleep, for it has many bends, and the brake, or the hand, or the toe, has often to be used. The last few hundred yards of the run have, from the spectators' point of view, been excellently arranged. The competitors slide out of the pine forest on to a great slope of snow, come diagonally across it, then make a gentle curve and finish on a semicircle, banked high, round which on the outside runs the half hoop of the grand stand.



TOPPING THE EGG: PULLING DOWN THE OLD NEW YORK CUSTOM-HOUSE—THE DOME REMOVED.

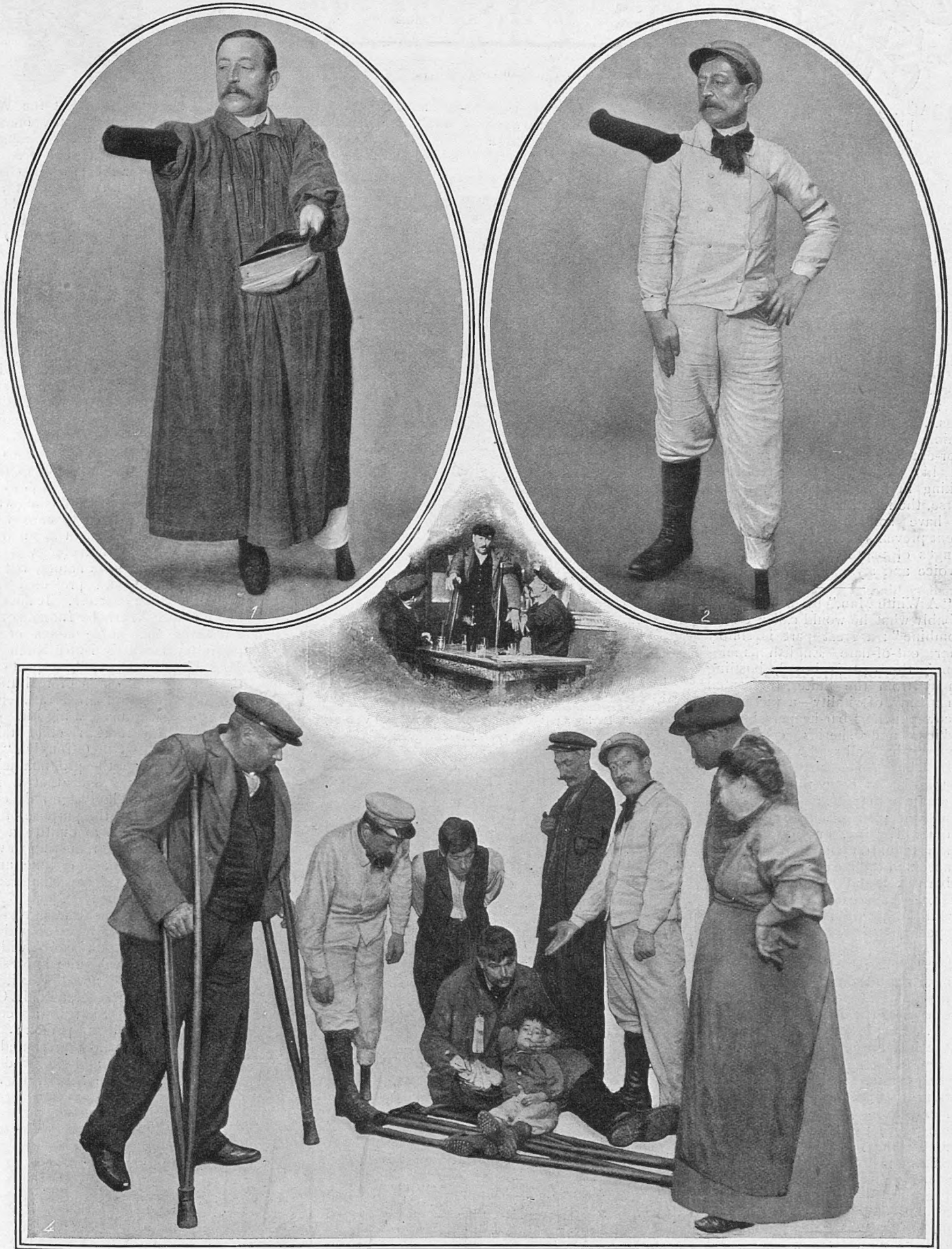
A CURIOUS HOUSEBREAKING EFFECT IN NEW YORK.

*Photographs supplied by the Illustrations Bureau.*

round his waist. He holds the light reins, which are attached to a snaffle in the horse's mouth. He is not allowed to use a whip. If a horse chooses to stop and turn round and look at his driver, the latter can do nothing to prevent him; and if the horse chooses to turn off the course, he is quite free to do so, for it is only marked off on the snow by flags. In the latter case, the driver, holding to the traces, swings round and generally has a very nasty fall. At one moment at Davos two of the horses at the same time tried to walk through the spectators back to their stables. The races are run by a time-test, two horses only being on the course at the same time. In the case I have mentioned above, one horse stopped and insisted on going home, and when the other horse came up to the leader, the same desire came upon it.



TWO - ARMED ONE - ARMED BEGGARS :  
HOW MENDICANTS LIVE BY FEIGNING THE LOSS OF A LIMB.



1 and 2. HOW A BEGGAR MAKES IT APPEAR THAT HE HAS LOST AN ARM; SHOWING HOW THE MENDICANT IS SEEN BY THE PUBLIC, AND HOW HE OBTAINS THE EFFECT BY MEANS OF A FALSE STUMP ATTACHED TO ONE SHOULDER.

3. A MEETING IN THE CLUB OF THE FRENCH CRIPPLES.

4. HOW A SHAM CRIPPLE HIDES THE FACT THAT HE HAS TWO LEGS BY SITTING ON ONE OF HIS LEGS AND PLACING A CHILD IN FRONT OF IT, THAT IT MAY BE PERFECTLY CONCEALED.

There is a club of one-legged and one-armed people in France, and these meet once a week under the presidency of M. Rosin. It is the business of the club to protect genuine cripples by exposing sham cripples. In our first two photographs M. Rosin, who has only one leg, shows one of the tricks by which sham cripples awaken the pity of the passers-by. A false limb is attached to the shoulder, and the arm on that side of the body is tied by the side. The full blouse that is worn does the rest.





## THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")



"PAGE 97"—"A WHITE MAN."

"PAGE 97," at the Garrick, by the person who modestly calls himself or herself T. K. (what a nuisance that the word "itself" or some other one word will not stand for "himself or herself," "his or hers," "him or her," etc.) reintroduces Mr. de Vries to us. The Dutch artist is a kind of amphibian, a Mahomet-coffin creature not belonging entirely to the "halls" or exactly to the stage, and "Page 97" is like him. With a little tinkering by an expert, and disregard of the multi-character impersonation business, it would become a thrilling detective-story comedietta. As it is there are thrills connected with the detective's wife, and her struggle against a band of rogues, but they are constantly interrupted in order that we may see how ingenious is the presentation by Mr. de Vries, in a Fregoli rapid-change fashion, of half-a-dozen persons. The actor-entertainer really is very clever, and his work may be exceedingly striking in his own country; but, of course, the fact that his six characters all have something of a foreign accent prevents illusion, despite clever changes of manner and appearance, of voice and style of speech.

"A White Man," by Mr. Royle, is probably what he would call a quaint "combine": a great part is simply rather out-of-date English melodrama; the rest is broad, bustling comedy from the States, presented with plenty of vitality—a picture of the cow-punchers, bar-keepers, bullies, redskins, and sheriffs concerning whom we have all read a great deal. These American friends of ours—let us hope they do not endorse the Hearst ticket and become American enemies—are quite diverting. I notice, by the way, that Mr. Cash Hawkins has accepted the Hearst Anglo-phobia ticket, and believes (a) that the Americans whipped us, and (b) that we have never whipped anybody but Indians and niggers. However, Mr. Cash Hawkins is dead, shot by the beautiful Pocahontas, called in the play "Nat-u-Ritch," who thereby saves the British hero, not this time a mere Smith, but the heir-presumptive to an earldom, who has fled from England after untruthfully suggesting, from inadequate motives, that he had misappropriated a great deal of a fund raised for the orphans of his regiment.

These Wild-Westers are really quite delightful—a little rough, perhaps, and too fond of flourishing revolvers, which, however, they use quite modestly, but full of curious comic American phrases. When the admirable low comedian was speeding the parting guest, a guest who had committed an abominable trespass, and advised him to get right along and not "stop to pick flowers on the way," we all roared with laughter, and so, too, at

his suggestion to the Sheriff that if he tried to arrest the White Man's wife he would find that, instead of holding the office of Sheriff, he would soon be holding a harp or a shovel. It must be added that these and other picturesque phrases were delivered with

a quiet, rich humour by Mr. George Fawcett, a broad comedian of quite remarkable gifts, one, too, able to touch a little note of sentiment quite unaffectedly. Of course, we have had these elementary, picturesque, life-in-hand Americans before now on the stage, and more finely portrayed in one instance, in "Sue," where Miss Annie Russell gave a performance of ineffaceable memory. Still, Mr. Royle handles them well enough, and half his play goes like electricity. It is not every night that the critics enjoy a whole half of a play. We can hardly tell what amount of genuine observation is shown in the people of this cowboy life, and a curious criticism on the belief of some of us in the accuracy of Mr. George Fawcett's picture of the big foreman—which several of us referred to as very true to life—is his statement in an interview that the character was not studied by him from nature, but imagined by him and projected from his inner consciousness. It does not much matter. Perhaps Indian squaws are never such noble stoics or delightful persons as Nat-u-Ritch and Miss Dorothy Dix. I suspect that the "Cash" Hawkins of real life is less picturesque than Mr. Menfee Johnstone, who made a big hit. The fact that the redskin chief talked

genuine Ute (strongly "featured" on the programme), as well as the fact that it is a dialect or language reduced to writing for the purpose of this play, cannot amount to a row of pins. The reduction to writing was a waste of time, and it would not have mattered if he had talked Amharic. The real fact was that Mr. Riley Hatch talked very impressively, and the "pow-wow" with interpreter was quite impressive. Mr. Saville acted excellently as the interpreter, and Mr. Cecil Yapp as Shorty, a comic but ferocious person: Mr. Danforth, who represented the bar-keeper, and half-a-dozen others of the Americans were quite excellent.

Of course the imported players did not put Mr. Lewis Waller in the shade—no one could do that. His Jim is just the dear old brave, thick-headed, quixotic hero of melodrama such as Terriss used to play superbly. To Mr. Waller such a part was like swimming to a fish—he played it with ease and the grand air of melodrama, and the audience—or, at least, most of it—was fascinated. No one could wish to have such a part better acted. Mr. Herbert Sleath, as the Earl, behaved very ill and acted very well; and Miss Nora Lancaster, as the lovely Countess, pleased the house.



MR. FRED TERRY'S NEW LEADING LADY: MISS ALICE CRAWFORD, WHO IS TO PLAY GAMALIEL FROTHINGHAM'S DAUGHTER IN "MATT OF MERRYMOUNT."

Miss Julia Neilson is ill, and will not be able to appear in "Malt of Merrymount," at the New Theatre. The part written for her will be played by Miss Alice Crawford, the Glory Quayle of the present production of "The Christian." During a part of the play Miss Crawford will wear boy's clothes.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.



A PRIEST IN HIS FATHER'S PLAY: MR. DERWENT HALL CAINE AS PAUL LOVE IN MR. HALL CAINE'S "THE CHRISTIAN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield.



A TIMELY PORTRAIT: MISS IDA PEARSON,  
ELDEST DAUGHTER OF MR. C. ARTHUR PEARSON.



"MA PETITE ÉLÈVE."

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH ARTIST, MONOD.

We need scarcely remind our readers that Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is to be Managing Director of the "Times."





THE HON. GEORGE COLVILLE,  
Whose wedding to Lady Cynthia Crewe-Milnes  
took place yesterday (Tuesday).  
*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*

**D**URING the Christmas holidays the two elder sons of the Prince and Princess of Wales enjoyed several days with the West Norfolk Hounds, which hunt rather an easy country. It is said that the boys promise to develop into very capable horsemen, and can take a moderate fence with the best

of them. Of course, their tutor rode with them, and a couple of the royal grooms were within easy hail in case of emergency, but so far neither of the Princes has had a spill. The horses they rode were two beautiful young animals from the royal stables at Sandringham, and were the King's gift to his young grandsons. Princess Mary of Wales is said to be very anxious to emulate her brothers' appearance at the meets, but, of course, this is out of the question for some years to come, though she rides her pony almost daily while at Sandringham. Princess Mary, by the way, received her first lessons in swimming a few weeks ago at the Bath Club, which was specially reserved for her on several mornings.

#### *An Interesting Invalid.*

The illness of Mrs. Herbert Gladstone has brought a stream of inquirers to that historic political mansion, No. 11, Downing Street. Mrs. Gladstone, though in some ways singularly unlike the venerable lady whose honoured name she now bears, has made herself very popular with the Liberal party, and yet it is a curious fact that she was born and bred in an essentially Conservative atmosphere, her father, Sir Richard Paget, having been for thirty years Tory M.P. for Somersetshire divisions. At the time of his engagement to Miss Dorothy Paget, Mr. Herbert Gladstone was regarded as a confirmed bachelor; the news of his approaching marriage attracted rather exceptional interest, and on entering the House of Commons he was greeted with a loud cheer when he made his way to what was then his usual place on the Opposition benches. Mrs. Gladstone has proved an ideal wife; she shares her husband's love of music and the country, while yet willing to play her full part as one of a group of energetic and courageous Liberal hostesses.



AN INTERESTING INVALID: MRS. HERBERT GLADSTONE,  
WHO HAS JUST BEEN OPERATED UPON FOR  
APPENDICITIS.

*Photograph by R. Haines.*

#### *Tuesday's Great Wedding.*

Lady Celia Coates, the twin-sister of yesterday's charming bride, was "cutting the cake" in the splendid state dining-room of Crewe House; but

It seems but the other day that perhaps the old proverb, "One wedding makes many," may have proved true in

this case, for now Lord Crewe's youngest and last unmarried daughter has entered the Holy Estate. Lady Celia chose St. George's, Hanover Square, but her twin preferred the political church, St. Margaret's, Westminster. Lord Crewe's new son-in-law, Mr. George Colville, is a brother of Lord Colville of Culross; he is a practising barrister, but his hobby has long been yachting, and he is one of the younger members of the Royal Yacht Squadron.

#### *"Labby's" Titled Daughter.*

Although the shrewd and oftentimes genial editor of *Truth* may be regarded as a truly British institution, he now, much to the sorrow of his London friends, spends a great portion of the year in sunny Italy. The magnet which draws him and Mrs. Henry Labouchere thither is their only child, the beautiful Marchesa Carlo di Rudini, still affectionately remembered in the social, political, and literary worlds of London as Dora Labouchere. As all readers of

*Truth* are well aware, "Labby" always had a very soft heart where children were concerned, and the *Truth* Toy Fund was an established fact long before it became the fashion to provide pleasure and amusement for the slum children of our great city. Small wonder, therefore, that he is a most devoted father. Mr. and Mrs. Labouchere saw to it that their young daughter's life was in every respect an ideal one; she was educated in one of those aristocratic convents where French and Italian maidens of high degree are taught the three "R's," and her holidays were spent on the Thames, in Pope's villa. Miss Labouchere grew up with a great affection for Italy and the Italians, and there seemed a certain poetic justice in the fact that her father's daughter should marry the son and heir of the greatest of modern Italian statesmen.



"LABBY'S" TITLED DAUGHTER: THE MARCHESA CARLO DI RUDINI, ONLY CHILD  
OF MR. AND MRS. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

*Photograph by Boissonnas and Taponier.*



LADY CYNTHIA COLVILLE  
Whose wedding took place yesterday at  
St. Margaret's Westminster.  
*Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.*



## AS JOHN DORY AND ANCHOVY SEE YOU:

"OUR WONDERFUL WORLD" THROUGH FISHES' EYES.



SPECTATORS IN AN AQUARIUM, AS THE FISH SEE THEM THROUGH THE GLASS.



HOW YOU APPEAR TO THE FISH WHEN YOU GET NEAR THE TANK.



A VIEW OF A CITY-STREET SCENE, TAKEN WITH A "FISH-EYE" CAMERA.

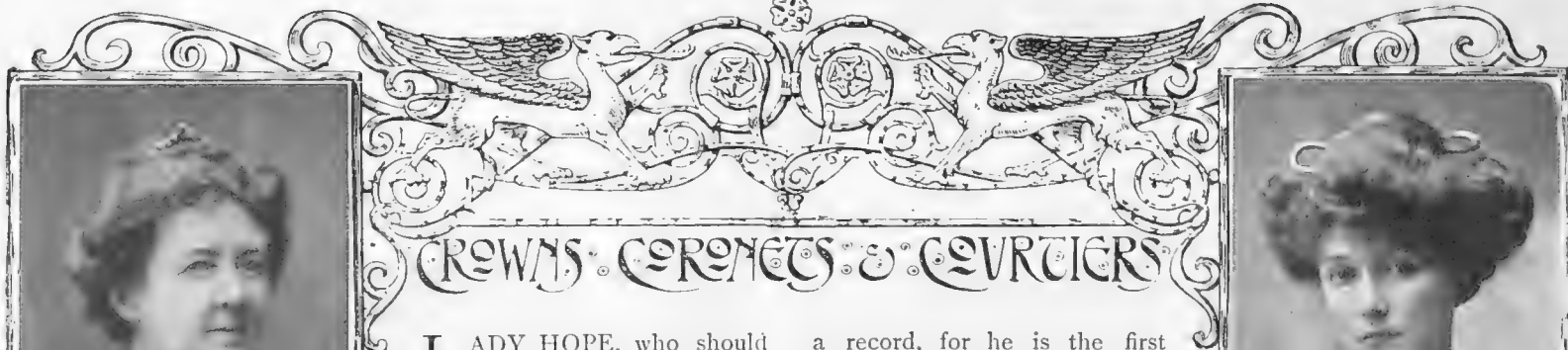


A GROUP STANDING ROUND A SMALL POND, AS IT IS SEEN BY THE FISH.

The photographs here given were made with a camera of novel construction, which reproduced exactly the conditions under which the fish is compelled to make his observations. If the eye be directed towards the sky from a point below, the surface of the water, a curious circle of light appears directly overhead, the appearance being much as if the water were covered with an opaque roof, with a round window cutting it, through which the sky is seen. A fish swimming under water sees this window of light always directly overhead; it follows him about like a shadow, and all of the objects in the outside world which he is able to see appear somewhere or the other within the circumference of this circle of light. The special camera was arranged in such a way that sharp images could be registered on the plate while the camera was wholly immersed.

See "Woman-About-Town" page.





THE ARISTOCRATIC OWNER OF A  
BONNET-SHOP-RESTAURANT;  
LADY HOPE.

*Photograph by Mendelssohn.*

vided for the use of coachmen and footmen, whose duties often keep them up half the night sitting and standing in the cold. Much interest has lately been displayed in this energetic lady's new venture, which will combine the charms of a bonnet-shop and of a restaurant in Connaught House, a fine building facing on the Edgware Road. The restaurant seats three hundred people, and Lady Hope expects to make sufficient money by her two business undertakings to provide for the various servants' clubs in which she is interested.

*A Musical Bridal.* Society has been much thrilled by the news of the marriage of Mr. Reginald Coke



MR. VAUGHAN NASH, SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S NEW PRIVATE SECRETARY, AND A WELL-KNOWN JOURNALIST.

*Photograph by R. Haines*

LADY HOPE, who should not be confused with Lady Mary Hope, Lord Rosebery's sister, has taken up an original, but much-needed, side of philanthropic work. It is her object in life, and has been for many years, to better the condition of men-servants, and she was the originator of an excellent scheme, under which coffee-stalls were pro-



THE WEDDING OF MR. MARK HAMBOURG'S SISTER, MRS. REGINALD COKE (NEE HAMBOURG) WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE ONLY SON OF LADY KATHARINE COKE, WAS CELEBRATED THE OTHER DAY.

pianist, and herself a most brilliant and accomplished musician. The Hambourg family are already closely connected with this country, for only last year Mr. Mark Hambourg became the husband of Miss Dorothy Muir-Mackenzie. Mr. Coke is the only son of Lady Katharine Coke, the favourite lady-in-waiting of the Princess of Wales, and he is, of course, descended from the famous Coke of Norfolk, whose life has just been written. Like so many British officers—he is an ex-Guardsman—Mr. Coke is passionately fond of music, and he has long been a friend of the Hambourg brothers and of their sister. The marriage took place in New York, where Miss Galia Hambourg has been living for some time.

"C.-B.'s" Journalist Secretary.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who has just lost an excellent secretary in the person of Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, has appointed as his successor Mr. Vaughan Nash, who has already been for some time the Prime Minister's political secretary. Mr. Nash may be said to have established

a record, for he is the first journalist ever appointed private secretary to a statesman. He is remembered with affectionate appreciation on the staffs of three great Liberal papers—the *Manchester Guardian*, the *Daily Chronicle*, and the *Daily News*. "C.-B.'s" journalist secretary is an indefatigable worker: even when burning the midnight oil on



CHIEFLY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE  
MODERN PICTURE-HAT;  
THE COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND.

*Photograph by Mendelssohn.*

each of the three dailies to which he was attached he found time to go in for active social work, and for a while he was one of Canon Barnett's most enthusiastic helpers at Toynbee Hall.

Among those responsible for the peeresses who have discovered the residential attractions of Marylebone, the most beautiful is certainly the Countess of Westmorland, who now lives in that quietest of medical thoroughfares, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Lady Westmorland is a younger sister of the Duchess of Sutherland, and as a girl she was

often chaperoned by the mistress of Stafford House and by her eldest half-sister, Lady Warwick. Lady Sybil St. Clair-Erskine made

her début when she was only seventeen, but she did not marry till she was of age. Lady Westmorland is regarded as one of the best-dressed women in Society; she is said to have revived the "picture-hat," and so great is her genius for fancy dress that she is often asked to give advice concerning the costumes to be worn at fancy dress fêtes. Her type of beauty allows her to make many daring experiments; thus at one famous ball she appeared as "Night," and at the Devonshire House fête her success as Hebe outshone that of every other beauty present.

More than usual interest attached to the marriage of Mr. Gerald Woods Wollaston, who not only himself rejoices in the old-world title of Bluemantle Pursuivant of Arms, but is grandson to the late Sir Albert Woods, who was for so long Garter King of Arms, and as such all-powerful at Heralds' College. Bluemantle's bride was Miss Olive McCall, the daughter of the Attorney-General of the Duchy of Lancaster.



MR. GERALD WOODS WOLLASTON, BLUEMANTLE PURSUIVANT OF ARMS, WHO MARRIED MISS OLIVE MCCALL, THE OTHER DAY.

*Photograph by Russell and Sons, London.*



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GROTESQUES IN BLACK AND WHITE.



III.—THE COMING OF LOVE.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.





## HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



WHEN Mr. Tree paid his first visit to New York, Mr. C. M. Hallard, who is now playing in "Irene Wycherley," was a member of his company. With several of his colleagues, including Mr. Lionel Brough, Mr. Holman Clark, and Mr. Henry Neville, he was staying at the Vendôme Hotel, which caught fire one night and was burnt down—or, rather, burnt up, for only the first two floors were destroyed. The fire occurred at about five o'clock on a cold and dark morning, and, for those who were not immediately interested, the scene must have been decidedly weird, while the inevitable touch of humour which is never very far away from tragedy was conspicuous by its presence. Down the stairs thronged a half-dressed crowd of people, while the firemen were getting the hose up the floors of the building, and, as the thermometer was several degrees below zero, the water froze on the stairs. Eventually the actors escaped, and all huddled for shelter in an adjoining café. There they found a celebrated basso and other male members of the Metropolitan Opera House Company, who had also been staying at the hotel, who had sought safety, clothed lightly in pyjamas; and a very distinguished lady singer, with her hair in curl-papers, and nothing on but her nightdress, was sobbing quietly and drinking coffee-and-brandy. A little later in the morning there came a message from Mr. Tree, who had arrived only the night before, to ask whether, if the members of the company were not all burnt up, they would mind going to rehearsal. There were more tears, more coffee with brandy on the part of the distinguished lady singer in the aforesaid costume; and, some additional clothes having been procured by the members of the company, they went off to rehearsal to assure Mr. Tree of their safety.

In opposition to this lurid experience, Mr. Hallard probably recalls the fact that on one occasion, when staying with Madame Patti at Craig-y-Nos and rehearsing with her for a little one-act play without words, to be performed in the beautiful theatre which she had built, he slipped in a struggle with the hero and sprained his ankle. The result was he had to be carried to bed, where he remained for some days. It was undoubtedly a consolation to him to be fussed over and to have kindnesses showered upon him, as he had, by Madame Patti; but perhaps his happiest memory of that occasion was when the Diva sang the "Jewel Song" from "Faust" for his own special benefit.

It is not often that a beautiful woman is mistaken for a lay figure, yet that was once the experience of Miss Beatrice Selwyn, who is playing so successfully in "Is Marriage a Failure?" at Terry's. On this occasion she was acting in a lurid melodrama in which, in despair, she had to drown herself, and her dead body floated pathetically between the gauzes of a moonlit sea. The hero, who in the play was her brother, was worried over her disappearance, and went out in a boat with two friends to search for her. On this night the regular actor was absent, and his place was taken by an understudy, who—either through

nervousness or forgetting that a stage boat, like a real boat, requires a certain amount of "trimming"—leant too far over the side, and capsized the three men, and the boat, on to the unfortunate "corpse." It need hardly be said that Miss Selwyn was very much hurt physically. What added to her annoyance was that some of her friends who were sitting in the dress-circle overheard their neighbours saying, "After all, it didn't matter, as anyone could see it was a dummy, and a bad dummy, too." After that it was always a dummy.



CAN A HUMAN BEING BE LIKE A BEE? MISS LELIA ROZE AS PRINCE CHARMING OF "HONEYLAND," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph by Campbell-Gray.

echoed Mr. Cooke, "what, all day, and night too?" "Oh, no," she replied, "not night, too. You see, my husband's on the night shift this week in the coal-mine, and so we sit up all night, and we sleep in the day."

Miss Ethel Matthews—long known as one of the prettiest women on the stage and, as her performance of Vida Pennington in "The New York Idea" has proved again, one of our best comedy actresses—enjoys among her pastimes one which is rare, if not quite unique, among the women of the stage. She shoots, and is quite a remarkable shot for a woman. On one occasion recently she got two consecutive rights and lefts at driven partridges. This probably constitutes a record for a woman.

Mr. Stanley Cooke, who is playing at the Palace with Miss Fanny Brough, was once, in his early days, touring the small towns in Wales, and early one morning arrived at Tredegar, where the company was to play for two nights. The theatre had once been a chapel, and each member of the company had a pew allotted to him for a dressing-room. The only lodgings Mr. Cooke and the friend who shared rooms with him could find were in a miner's cottage. After settling the details with the landlady and arranging to send in the dinner, which they ordered for three o'clock, they went out to buy it, for they always did their own catering, as it was cheaper than trusting to the mercies of the landlady. About noon, Mr. Cooke returned to the lodgings, laden with various articles of food, and called for the landlady. He searched the cottage, but could not find her. Then he went out for a walk and got back about half-past one, feeling sure she would be at home then. The place was as silent as the grave, and although Mr. Cooke shouted for her at the top of his voice, she did not answer. Expecting his companion to return to dinner, and getting hungry himself, he began to prepare the meal, which he eventually had to cook himself. There was a difficulty in finding the necessary pots and pans, but by dint of much searching they were discovered, and at three o'clock the pair sat down to the meal, to which their hunger enabled them to do some justice. Dinner over, they called for the landlady to clear away, but still there was no reply. Then they had their usual siesta, and awoke for a cup of tea before going to the theatre. Mr. Cooke had to make the tea. He and his friend were just about to leave the cottage for the theatre, when they heard heavy footsteps descending the stairs. It was the landlady, at last. He asked where she had been. "Been?" she exclaimed, "why, in bed, of course." "Bed?"

HIGHLY PROBABLE !



THE TOURIST (*whose ambition has led him to giddy heights and trepidation*): I should think people  
fall off this place pretty often, don't they?

THE GUIDE: Oh, no, M'sieur. Once is enough for most of them.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



# THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

LADY WARWICK is discreet not to give away the entire scheme of her book of *Reminiscences* before the day of publication. In the first place, she does well to preserve for herself a final free hand. Many nice points must be considered where living people are introduced, and in her revise proofs even she is likely enough to make changes and omissions. It has not heretofore been held to be etiquette to talk in print of one's friendships with royalties; but where the newspapers have broken down so many old barriers the book of *Recollections* must inevitably follow suit. Lady Warwick, who married when she was nineteen and is now a grandmother, talks of the dullness that may visit her pen when she is eighty. Surely this is a proof, if not that her pages now are lively, at least of her own personal courage. An admired woman's admission that she ever will be eighty is not met with more than once or twice in a lifetime.

However long Lady Warwick lives, we may safely say she never will be eighty. Nor is Mr. George Meredith eighty, though the calendar says so, and though, on the proposal of Mr. Zangwill, seconded by Mr. Sutro, a deputation of the Society of Authors is to go to Box Hill to offer its congratulations to the alleged octogenarian. "I know a girl—she's eighty-three"—that, or something like it, was the first line of a poem written by Lowell about Mrs. Procter. May there be as true a bard to sing of Lady Warwick at the same stage! And as for George Meredith, his case is covered by Ruskin's declaration that the man of genius retains to the end of his life the child's wondering eyes, the schoolboy's receptive heart and brain. What, after all, are eight decades of years in the life of an immortal?

The other day my Sunday paper, brought up to me from the corner of a frozen street, out of the magenta hands of one of those most faithful servants or the Press, the itinerant newsvendors, told me that the body of Clara Brook, aged 37, of Bailton Moor, near Shipley, had been found in a frozen pool of water in a disused coal-pit on the moors, and that she was first seen through several inches of ice as if confined under glass.

Just so did it happen in life and in literature to one Marden, whose fate is recorded in Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's poem on "Worth Forest." Marden would have been called a "mental" by a largely experienced London landlady of my acquaintance, but among his fellow Sussex rustics such as he are known as "naturals"—ill compliments, both, to thought and nature—and as a "natural" he was befriended by the poet on whose estate he had his existence.

We read of his silence and stupidity, of a fire-scarred face and frightened eyes—

Yet he had thoughts. Not seldom he and I  
Made in these woods discourse of forestry,  
Walking together, I with dog and gun,  
He as a beater, or, if game were none,  
Marking the timber trees and underwoods.  
He knew each tiller in these solitudes,  
And loved them with a quite unreasoned art,  
Learned from no teacher but his own wild heart.

Love came to Marden, making him twice ridiculous and twice tragic. The young woman of his passion met his advances with—

tracts; that was her rural way of being "not at home": after each attempt at a declaration of his love he was sent away with detested leaflets. At last—

He went, and came no more.  
Such was the history, no whit uncommon,  
I neither blame the boy nor blame the woman.

And then follows the picture of Marden's last end—

That afternoon,  
The last of a late autumn,  
saw the sun  
Set in unusual splendour . . .  
The pools were frozen over  
in the night,  
Without a flaw or ripple;  
and their light  
Reflected every stem of  
every tree . . .  
And thus it fell about the  
corpse was found—  
You will have guessed it—  
in the ice fast bound.  
Two boys, the brothers of  
the girl he wooed,  
Tired of their pastime, stopped  
awhile and stood  
Over a shallow place where  
rushes grow,  
And, peering down, saw a  
man's face below,  
Watching their own; . . .  
There, sure enough, was  
Marden, his fool's  
mouth  
Stuffed for all solace of his  
sad soul's drouth  
With the girl's tracts.

Worth Forest has living waters besides those of that dead man's pool. For within its virgin solitudes arise, according to the boast of its poet and owner, the Mole, the Medway, the Arun, and the Adur. Milton, in his "vacation exercise" poem on the rivers of England, speaks of "the sullen Mole that runneth underneath." Mr. Blunt admits the burrowing propensity, but rejects the adjective "sullen." He tells Milton prettily that he would never

have made such a description had he not been blind.

Marcelle Tinayre's small respect for the ribbon of that Legion of Honour which the old Frenchmen so fervently desired makes no little conversation in Paris. What is a bit of red ribbon to a lady whose last book has already reached the glories of a forty-seventh edition? These French editions!

The author's latest book is less harassing and harrowing reading than her first. "La Rebelle" is at once a feminist and an anti-feminist book. It vindicates the rights of woman, not in affairs of economy, but in affairs of the heart, which Marcelle Tinayre avers to be the only affairs worth considering. Woman must be free, free to love as she will; that is what her freedom is for. The book is anarchic, but—for a Paris novel of the day—not improper. M. E.



[DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.]

## THEN THINGS HUMMED!

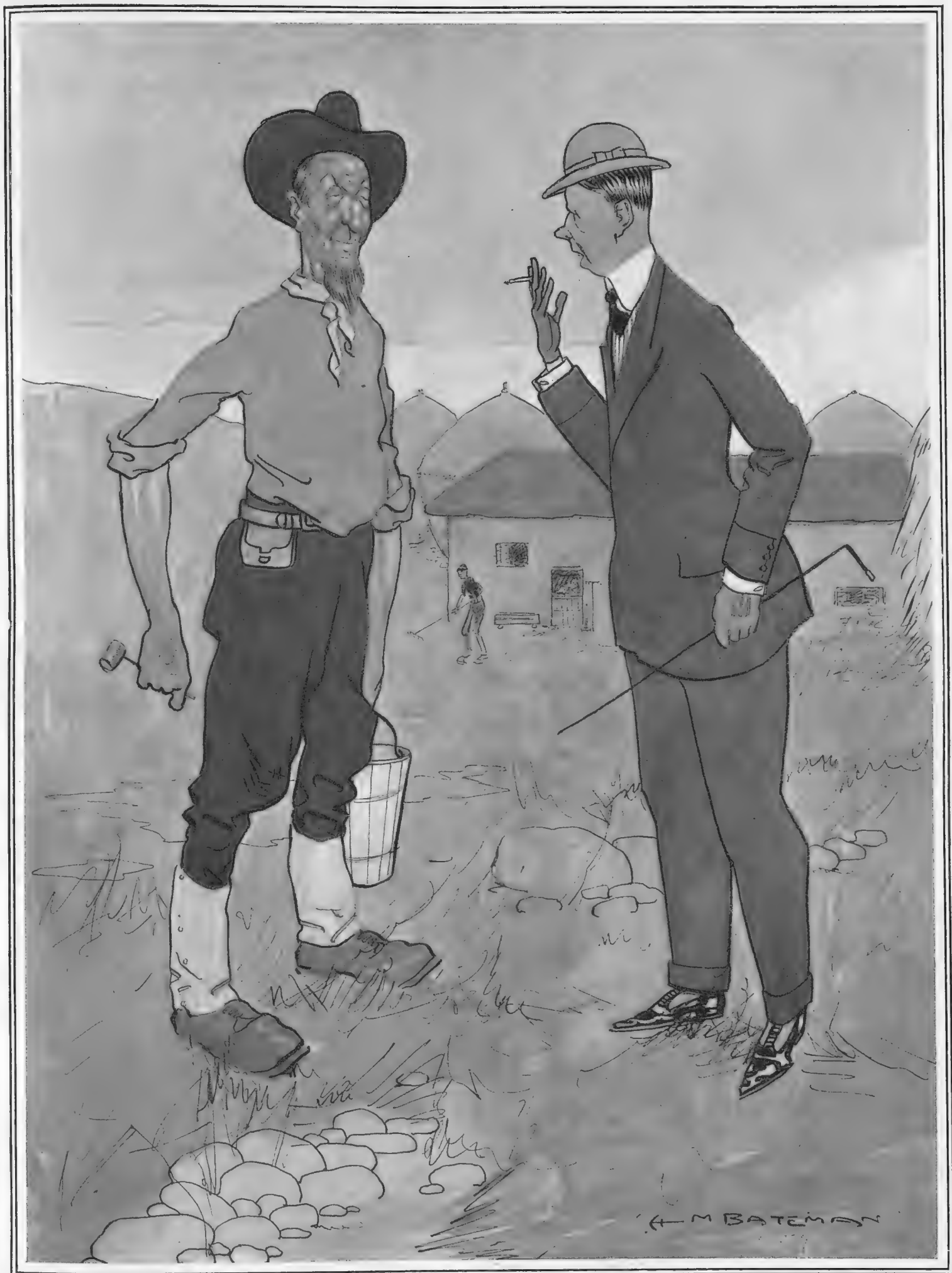
AUNTIE: Now, Tommy, take my bonnet upstairs for me, there's a good boy.

TOMMY: Boo-hoo! I don't want to!

AUNTIE: Indeed! And why not, pray?

TOMMY: 'Cause mother told me you'd got a bee in it.

WHAT WOULD LEWIS WALLER SAY TO THIS?



LONG JIM: Wal, yes, I experimented and fed that fowl on sawdust.

THE TENDERFOOT: Why, Great Scott! Didn't it affect the eggs?

LONG JIM: No, it didn't hurt the eggs any; but there was somethin' wrong with the chicks—the first eleven as hatched out had wooden legs, and the last one was a woodpecker.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.





THE waiter served the coffee and held a match to Harvey Stone's cigarette.

Harvey inhaled greedily for a moment, then he sank back in his chair with a sigh of supreme content. Idly he allowed his glance to stray across the lawn, thronged to the water's edge with noisy diners, and illumined by a hundred fairy lamps and pink-shaded candles that gleamed on linen, glass, and silver. The night air was warm, and the sensuous strains of the waltz from "Faust," which the band was softly rendering, lent an added note of languor.

Harvey and his companion had dined generously, and they had reached that psychological moment in the human day when the heart—alas! so vastly at the mercy of our digestion—expands and glows with yearnings whose source seems as loftily spiritual as in reality it is basely material.

"I wish, Harvey," said Evelyn suddenly and irrelevantly, in a wistful tone and with a swift glance across the table, "that you were my brother." And when the words were spoken she caught her breath, dismayed by the boldness of the challenge she had flung him—a challenge that suggested an obvious answer. That answer she awaited with quickened pulse and suddenly reddened cheeks. But, be it from a distaste for the obvious, be it from other motives, the reply that Harvey made was very far from the reply she had provoked.

"I can imagine nothing less desirable," he answered, in a tone of one advancing an impersonal opinion upon the most casual of topics. He sipped his Grand Marnier before continuing: "We are probably much better as we are. If we were brother and sister our association would be fortuitous instead of the outcome of voluntary selection that it is. Oh, we are much better as we are—just friends."

"We are that, Harvey?" she asked, leaning forward, her glorious eyes set yearningly upon his dark, clear-cut face. He moved on his chair and took the cigarette from his lips. His rather solemn eyes turned to her in wonder.

"Surely we are that," he answered.

"And do you think that we always shall be?"

"As long as it is your good pleasure," said he. "And that, I hope, will be long indeed."

"You may hope so—yes; but is it a reasonable thing to expect? Surely, if you reflect, you must see that some day it must come to an end."

"Why should it? It has been your boast that you will not marry. You profess to ask for nothing better than such friendship with an intelligent fellow-creature as is entertained by one man for another. You have done me the honour to mistake me for the intelligent fellow-creature of your dreams. Since the gain is mine, I am content with the rôle. You do not wish to tell me that your views have changed?"

"To change is feminine," she answered, with assumed lightness.

If any doubt she had entertained in the past of the depth of his feelings for her, such a doubt must now have been finally set at rest by the expression with which his eyes fastened upon her face, whilst his cheeks paled, so that it was noticeable in spite of the pink light that was filtered by the candle-shades.

There was a brief spell of silence. Then, mastering himself, Harvey sighed. He sought to resume the impersonal manner.

"Have you changed, then?" he asked, in a voice of spurious lightness.

She was sipping her coffee, and her cheeks were pale, save for two burning spots. She set down her cup, and nodded. "Yes," she acknowledged, "I have changed. Don't be angry with me, Harvey. My mistake, after all, was one that has been made often. I thought it possible to ignore conventions."

"But is that all?" he cried, in a voice of infinite relief—a relief that was to be cruelly dashed by her next words.

"No," she said; "there is something else." She was desperate now. Since he would not, she must. It would be monstrous to allow his absurd pride to ruin both their lives. "I hope to be married soon," she told him with a smile.

"Evelyn!" he cried out, in such a voice that one of their neighbours at the next table looked round. "I beg your pardon," he added almost immediately. "It took me so much by surprise," he explained. His cigarette was out. He dropped it, and taking up a fresh one, he lighted it deliberately. He did it to gain time, to steady himself before he adventured upon such remarks as

the occasion compelled. He dropped the vesta into his finger-bowl, where it went out with a hiss, and he turned again to his companion.

"I must congratulate you," he said quietly. "I had no notion of it. Is he—is he abroad?"

"He? Oh, no. He is in England."

Harvey's eyebrows shot up in surprise. "Odd that I should never have heard of him. Do you realise that you have hardly treated me well?" he complained, with an assumed air of mock reproach. "I think that you might have told me before. Do I know him?"

"Of course you know him."

"May one ask his name?"

"How very-dull you are!" she cried. "His name is Harvey Stone." She uttered the words boldly and fearlessly; so boldly and fearlessly that he could have no notion of the perturbation behind the eyes that so squarely met his own.

He sat very still a moment. A brilliant wave of colour swept into his cheeks, and glowed through their tan; then it receded, leaving them paler than before. He passed a hand across his brow, and found it damp. In the sudden relief and revulsion that her words had brought him he experienced an unreasoning joy. But this quickly faded. For, by his proud lights, he might not take this supreme good that was held out to him, and at the same time preserve his self-respect. It was not a thing that he had need to ponder now. He had pondered it all long ago. He had reasoned the matter until he had realised clearly that it was not for him to woo Evelyn Butler. And but for her protestations that she was not a "marrying woman," and that it was no more than his friendship and companionship that she sought, he would long ago have taken himself out of her life, and thus have terminated a position whose falseness he must fully have perceived.

He shook his head slowly, and a smile that was full of sadness invested the eyes he turned upon her. When he spoke his tone was almost gay, for all that it had the steady ring that proclaims a mind resolved.

"Do you know, Evelyn, that for a moment I was almost jealous." He sighed and laughed at once. "You were right, just now, when you expressed the wish that I was your brother, and I was wrong to rejoice that it was otherwise."

"But why? Why?"

"Because if I were your brother it would preclude the danger of my aspiring to become anything else to you, and it would dispense with the sad necessity that now exists of putting an end to the most charming friendship, the sweetest comradeship of my life."

"Harvey, you can't mean it!" she cried, alarm—and shame even—ringing in her voice. He heard the one and the other, and he answered both.

"I should be a poor sort if I meant anything else. Don't mistake me, dear." His voice grew tender. "You know that I love you. I may as well own it now. I imagined that——"

"But," she interrupted him, "since you admit so much, what is there need stand in our way?"

"There is your money and my beggary," he answered her. "That is enough for me. For you there is, in addition, your world to consider."

"The world!" she cried, a passionate scorn for the whole cosmos vibrating in her voice. "What can the world matter?"

"It matters more than women care to think sometimes. Then there are your own people."

"But my money is my own, my very own," she said, leaning forward and speaking more and more persuasively. "It gives me the absolute power of pleasing myself. Money is good for that, at least. I owe my freedom to it—the freedom that has made possible the unrestricted course of our friendship." She paused, while he smoked in silence. Presently she returned to the assault. "Harvey dear, your scruples are idle and unworthy. You may be poor now, but there is a great future before you. You have ability, and you will succeed and become famous."

"Possibly; but your friends are, unfortunately, lacking in prophetic gifts. They take me as I am, not as I may be some day. And they consider me a very disreputable spendthrift, who has gambled away a fortune and is reduced by a rare poetic justice to a very fitting punishment of penury, whilst they look upon you as a very foolish and misguided woman for having anything to do with me. If I married you, they——"

[Continued overleaf.]

TOUCH AND GO!



NERVOUS FRIEND: I—I—almost fancy you've run into someone. Hadn't you better stop?

EXPERIENCED DRIVER: What for? The car's running beautifully. I can tell in a minute if anything's damaged.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.



"Harvey," she interrupted him, "you can't delude me as you seek to delude yourself. You are not the man to consider the world—my people and my friends. Friends! What are my friends to me where you are concerned, or yours to you where it is a question of me? Oh, it isn't the world's opinion that you fear. It is your own opinion of yourself that deters you. Your foolish scruples have to do with yourself alone."

"Evelyn dear, let us say no more. I can no more marry you and enjoy your wealth than I could accept a gift of money from you if you were the man-friend that I have sought, however vainly, to regard you."

"Yet," she persisted, "in your old gambling days, had I been a man and your best friend, you would not have hesitated to win from me at play the money you could not accept as a gift."

"But there is no analogy. To win money at play is something very different from what you propose."

"Then win my money at play," she urged him feverishly. "Win my money and me with it." Her eyes burned; her cheeks were white; her lips parched, and her whole being fevered by this battle upon which she was engaged and which at all costs she meant to win. Harvey regarded her with the tolerant eye we bend upon an unreasonable child.

"I should ask nothing better had I anything to set against your stakes. You forget."

"It is you who forget—who overlook something," she returned. "I am asking you to set your will against mine, your liberty against mine, and to play me for the one against the other. Listen, Harvey," she proceeded, in a low, concentrated voice; "you are only considering yourself when you persist in following your foolish scruples. Please remember that I count for something. Consent, at least, to what I am suggesting. Play me a rubber of bridge—or any game you choose. If I win, I win you, and I shall marry you. If I lose, I lose you; you may retain the liberty you seem to treasure so highly, and I will even consent that we see no more of each other, if you think that desirable."

He sought to dissuade her, to show her the manifest folly, the utterly illogical nature of her proposal. But she persisted in it to such good purpose that in the end she almost convinced him that it was the only fair thing to do. And what her words left unargued his love completed for her, and laid him at her mercy. In the end, not only did he consent, but, having consented, he was eager for the trial—his pulses throbbed, and the old gambling fever that had once been his undoing was firing him again. By an odd twist in his nature, it seemed to him that, did he win her in the manner she proposed, his self-respect would be safe. He looked at the beautiful face before him, and as his mind dwelt upon the charm of her personality he was smitten by the chilling fear that he might lose her. He put out his hand.

"I accept, Evelyn," he said in a tense voice. "But your conditions must be reversed. If I win, I win you; if I lose, I lose you. It is more—more gallant so."

She looked at him searchingly. Then, in a low voice, she consented to the altered conditions, and gave him the assurance, on her word of honour, that she would abide by the issue, exacting the like promise from him in return. He was eager now to have the matter settled without delay—that very night, in fact. He swore that he could not sleep or eat while his suspense endured. She humoured him in this, and upon reflection she mentioned the names of her brother and her sister-in-law.

"I am sure that Jim and Freda would oblige us—for I suppose that you would prefer bridge. I know that they are at home to-night."

"Then, for heaven's sake, let us go at once," he implored her; and she consented, impelled as much by his eagerness as by her own anxiety.

They rose immediately, and ten minutes later they were speeding back to town in Evelyn's motor.

They found the Batesbys at home, as she had promised him, Jim and Freda waxing torpid in post-prandial, domestic sluggishness, and only too willing to adopt the suggestion of bridge, which Evelyn was not very long in making. True, Freda—a little fair woman who by the time that she was forty would most certainly be fat—feigned reluctance, pleading her husband's usual crossness as her reason; but she was given Harvey Stone for a partner—a matter on which Harvey might congratulate himself, for she played a game of remarkable soundness.

But neither this soundness of hers nor Harvey's brilliance and application proved sufficient to win them the first game. The cards were persistently against them, and after a long-drawn battle of a half-dozen deals, Evelyn and Jim were the winners.

With a pang Harvey shuffled, and as he dealt there was an agony in his mind. To lose would mean so much! They had pledged themselves to abide by the result of this rubber, and he could not bear to think of being defeated.

Evelyn had played indifferently hitherto, and what time Harvey dealt, Jim was indulging his fondness for short lectures on the principles of the game. But Harvey did not so much as hear him. He gathered up his cards, and with middling strength he declared "no trumps." His partner disclosed a hand that offered but little assistance, and his hopes, founded on a long suit of spades, began to fade, and he was assuring himself that the game was practically lost, and the rubber with it. But by what seemed an amazing chance

he got in on an unexpected diamond lead—of which he held the ace—and he ran up three over-tricks, to the discomfiture of Jim, who was sitting behind a parcel of masters in clubs and hearts.

And now with the score at "game all" Harvey took heart of grace once more. The last game began, and the Batesbys little dreamt how much was bound up in it. Jim called hearts, and playing with good address he set their score at twenty-four. It had been touch-and-go, and Harvey had endured an agony in the last few moments.

Freda's deal followed, and she levelled matters by scoring four over-tricks in diamonds. And now with the game at "twenty-four all," and the deal with the opponents, it seemed to Harvey that it was indeed as good as lost, and the perspiration stood out on his brow during the anxious moment that preceded Evelyn's call. He ignored the cigarette-box that Jim pushed towards him. He was too overwrought to smoke even. He reviled himself now for having ever entered into such a compact. What a fool he had been! Why had he not accepted the good things that a too generous fate was offering him? Then Evelyn called diamonds, and his hopes rose a little. He held a passable hand.

The game began, and at first it ran in favour of Harvey and Freda; they piled up five tricks; then the opponents won the next three; the ninth trick fell to Freda. But now it seemed to Harvey that he and his partner had done all that was possible. He had located the cards, and lying as they did, the odd trick must belong to the opponents, and the odd trick meant the rubber. Freda led a spade and Evelyn covered it with the master. For just a second Harvey hesitated in the throes of an overwhelming temptation. Then he succumbed. Holding a spade, and knowing it, he deliberately trumped the trick.

Jim grumbled that the rubber was lost.

"They've simply fluked out, partner," he complained. And Harvey, in mortal dread that the revoke should be discovered, finished the game like a man in a dream.

"Rubber to you," Jim announced in a chagrined voice, and he began to add up the score. Harvey breathed more freely. The revoke went undetected.

Evelyn looked at him. Her lip quivered, and it was by an effort that she repressed her tears. "Are you glad that you have won?" she asked him, and the Batesbys had little notion of how much the question meant.

"I am glad," he answered solemnly, and then a sense of shame caused him to avert his eyes.

The score was added, and the trivial prearranged stakes were settled. Then Jim proposed another rubber, but Evelyn objected. She pleaded that she felt a headache coming on, and that Jim played rather too seriously for her, and she wondered whether they would mind very much if she went home.

"It does seem shabby to run away like this after disturbing your evening," she confessed, "but I am such a bore when I have a headache."

The Batesbys were all solicitude. But Evelyn quietly reassured and pacified them, and having gained their rather surprised consent that she should go, she turned to Harvey and begged him to drive her home. They went in silence, a silence Evelyn could no longer understand, which endured until their hansom was approaching the Marble Arch. Then she turned to him.

"Harvey dear," she said at last, "don't tell me that you regret what we have done. Say that you are glad to have won me. Don't leave everything to be said by me. Are you glad, Harvey?"

"Glad?" he echoed gloomily, for remorse had him and was ravaging his soul by now. "I am wretched." Then, with a dismal laugh, "It was to save my self-respect that I consented to that game!" he exclaimed. "I had better be honest, Evelyn, and tell you that I have not won you." And, unable to contain himself, he bluntly told the ugly truth. "I cheated—that time when I trumped your spade in the last hand. I revoked consciously and purposely. I suppose we all have our price," he added cynically. "In the old days I lost a fortune without having my honesty shaken. But, to-night, I was playing for more than I could afford to lose. You had better say good-night, and let me get out here," he suggested, his face rigid. "I am afraid you won't find it in your heart to forgive me. That I should marry you is out of the question. I am a cheat—that's what I am."

But she didn't say good-night. She nestled up to him.

"Harvey dear," she whispered, with a nervous laugh, "I am so glad, for I cheated, too—when I led that diamond in the second game. I wanted you to win. I had looked over your cards, and I had seen the ace in your hand."

He turned to answer her, but before he had time—

"Please don't let us talk about our disgraceful conduct any more," she begged him. "Your fault is counterbalanced by mine. We are a pair of cheats, Harvey; a pair of common frauds, and I don't see that there is anything for us to do but get married. At least we are well matched."

Harvey looked at her for a moment in the uncertain light of Park Lane, down which they were driving. He smiled at first, then he laughed outright. "I suppose that my mistake lay in taking the risk of cards," he confessed.

"But it turned out all right," said she, "even if we have crossed the Rubicon on a bridge of fraud."

And at the moment he felt too happy to reprove the pun.

THE END.



## WORLD'S WHISPERS.

**T**HIS morning, for the seventh time in succession, their Majesties, surrounded by all the members of the royal family who are in England this week, and by a few old and faithful friends of the late Sovereign, attend the solemn memorial service at Frogmore Mausoleum; and this afternoon a selected number of people will be allowed to visit the last resting-place of Queen Victoria and of her beloved Consort. The King arranges every detail of the memorial service, and Queen Alexandra chooses the hymns which are to be sung, with especial reference to the late Sovereign's taste. The rest of the day is spent by their Majesties very quietly, though they make a point of receiving those who were honoured with an invitation to be present at the solemn function.

**"Mac's" Button-Studded Belts.**

Dr. Macnamara, who to-day (Wednesday) tells the story of his life to the boys of the Duke of York's School, is himself a son of the regiment. His father was Sergeant Macnamara, of the old 47th, and the future Parliamentary Secretary of the Local Government Board, who first saw the light in Canada, spent his boyhood in



**PITTSBURG, PA.'S PRIZE BEAUTY; MISS LILIAN LEASE.**

Miss Lease won the first prize in the beauty competition organised by the "Pittsburg Gazette Times."

*Photograph by Rosser*

barracks. He possesses, by the way, two hooligan belts,

the gift of an anonymous North Lambeth constituent, which are studded all over with rows and rows of buttons cut from policemen's uniforms! He became a school-teacher, and first entered Parliament as a teachers' representative. Golf and music are his twin passions, and he can sing a good song himself in a fruity baritone.

do you prefer?" But the tables are sometimes turned. He was once speaking to an audience of Devon hinds, when one of them got up and put a question. Dr. Macnamara suggested his waiting till the speech was finished, and another member of the audience agreed, saying to the interrupter—"Sit down, you ass!" An altercation of a decidedly personal nature followed, until a third man rose and exclaimed—"Sit down, both of 'ee! You're both asses!" Then in a rash moment Dr. Macnamara intervened. "There seem to be a good many asses here to-night," he observed, "but I vote we hear one at a time." Instantly the first interrupter, pointing a long finger at the genial M.P., retorted—"Well, you go on then!" and to this day Dr. Macnamara cannot think of anything which he ought to have said to that.

**Montmartre and Mystery.**

Paris is the home of mysteries. To be sure, we have had a Druce case, but Paris had set the fashion with Mme. Humbert. Bones or lead, buttons or

millions, diamonds or hot sugar—these

problems enough to fill the journals and to cause a vast amount of popular excitement. The worthy M. Lemoine, inventor of the diamond process, lives in the Place Pigalle. The place spells mystery and magic. Is it not the region where "Heaven" and "Hell" exist, and that weirdly fascinating performance which is labelled



**PRINCE AND PRIEST: PRINCE EGON OF HOHENLOHE-SCHILLINGSFÜRST.**

The young Prince has been appointed priest of Hermannstadt parish by the Bishop of Sibenbuergen, Count Gustav von Majlath. His relatives sought to dissuade him, hoping that he would follow the medical profession; but he had made up his mind, and would not change it.

**Some Election Stories.**

"Mac" loves an election, and a story is told of his exploits. Once he was tackled by a lady heckler, who inquired—"Are you in favour of repealing the blasphemy laws?" and quick as lightning came the reply—"Ma'am, I'm a golfer." Another time a suffragette asked, "Would you give every woman a vote?" to which



**THE LATEST ROYAL AUTHOR: THE ARCHDUKE LUDWIG SALVATOR OF AUSTRIA.**

The Archduke has just produced a book on Parga, a town on the Ionian coast, which he describes as a paradise for the poet or the painter. The two large volumes are illustrated with pen-and-ink drawings by the author himself and with photographs.

"Néant"? Have we not drunk our *bocks* from a coffin, and listened to the mournful song of the mutes, before we passed the door of darkness into the place of nothing: the melting of flesh and bones into an impalpable mist? B-r-r! It is not in the least remarkable that diamonds should emerge from powder in the Place Pigalle! It is only what we should expect.



**"STOP! DANGER!" AN ENGLISH SUFFRAGETTE TELLING AMERICAN MEN THE WAY THEIR WOMEN SHOULD GO.**

Our photograph shows Mrs. Boorman Wills, an English suffragette, addressing a meeting in Madison Square, New York. It will be noticed that she has taken her stand under a somewhat unfortunate sign.

*Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.*



# KEY-NOTES

MR. RENÉ ORTMANS has been appointed conductor of the "Charles Williams Orchestra," which was founded about ten years ago to give free concerts at the Passmore Edwards Settlement and in some of London's poorer districts. The orchestra soon made a name for itself. If we are not mistaken, the wood wind was strengthened by players who are now associated with the London Symphony combination, and the quality of the other sections left little to be desired. Mr. Charles Williams was accustomed to give six or eight concerts every year, and they were received with enthusiasm, not only by those for whom they were planned originally, but also by amateur and professional musicians who attended the performances. Last year Mr. Charles Williams left this country to take up his residence in Germany, and Miss Audrey Chapman, who leads the 'cellos in the orchestra, undertook the concert-management. With Mr. Ortman at the head of affairs, it is safe to say that the range and scope of the orchestra will be considerably increased. It has had no more than a very limited repertoire hitherto, and he is taking steps to extend it. Even our very great orchestras cover no more than a very small ground; but this, of course, is largely due to the cost of rehearsals. If our great conductors could arrange to double the number of the rehearsals that are given nowadays, they would probably be able to double their repertoire; but all too many of them are quite content to reply upon the popular appreciation for familiar work, with the result that the "linked sweetness" of many a favourite composition is all too long drawn out.

Mme. Melba has been taking the Australian newspaper correspondents into her confidence, and telling them about a great scheme upon which her heart has been set for many years. This is nothing less than a Grand Opera Season for Australia. She hopes, if all goes well, to inaugurate it in 1910, and it is likely that she will be associated in the work with the distinguished Italian financier and music-lover Signor de Sanna, who was responsible for the first of London's Autumn Opera Seasons. Mme. Melba declared that it will not be necessary to bring a chorus from Europe; in fact she is reported to have said, "We can train our own beautiful voices in this country; you cannot get them in Europe." Plançon and Edouard de Reszke are mentioned as the leading bassi, and Dr. Carl Muck is mentioned as the conductor. He, of course, has been Capellmeister at the Opera House in Berlin, and has conducted the Bayreuth Festival and German Opera at Covent Garden. Since then he has been the conductor of the Boston Symphony Concerts.

Professor Johann Kruse, who gave a recital last week at the Bechstein Hall, is an Australian by birth, and played at the Philharmonic Concerts in Melbourne when he was no more than nine years old. Then he went to Berlin to study under Joachim, becoming in later years a professor in the Hochschule and sub-conductor of the Philharmonic Society. He founded a string quartet, and, after assisting Joachim for six or seven years, went to Bremen to lead the Philharmonic Orchestra there. Professor Kruse was associated for some time with the Joachim Quartet as second violin, and in 1902 took over the Saturday Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall. He has been responsible for two series of

Beethoven Festival Concerts in London. His recital proved that his hand has not lost its cunning, that he is intolerant as ever of anything meretricious or unduly sentimental in the interpretation of great music, and that he is more concerned to present work to the very best of a great ability than to earn cheap applause.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke, who is associated with Mr. Herbert Trench in the amazing experiment at Queen's Hall, which is being tried too late for notice on this page, is certainly one of the least orthodox of our younger musicians. In his thirtieth year, and the son of a West of England musician, he was trained at the Royal Academy of Music, where he held an exhibition and a scholarship. He has published one hundred works, including several compositions for our autumn festivals. Mr. Holbrooke has also composed an opera called "Varenka," for which Mr. B. W. Findon, musical and dramatic critic, has written the book. Mr. Herbert Trench, author of "Apollo and the Seaman," the dramatic symphony composed by Mr. Holbrooke, is a Fellow of All Souls', and made his appearance on this page last week. Mr. Holbrooke rejoices in new musical experiments; it seems to be his wish to enlarge the scope of the orchestra, and to break down as many of the conventions of musical form as he can destroy. Perhaps he is apt to forget from time to time that when you have taken form and melody from music

you do not leave much more than noise; but he has the courage of his convictions, and youth is on his side. In securing the assistance of Mr. Charles Ricketts to design the draperies of the proscenium, Mr. Holbrooke has been very fortunate.

Herr Zimbalist, the young pupil of Professor Auer, whose first appearance in London made such a favourable impression, has been quick to enjoy to the fullest extent the greeting that the Metropolis is so prompt to extend to players who add youth to exceptional talent, and twenty-four hours before he gave his concert with the London Symphony Orchestra, on Thursday last, every seat was sold. In one sense this is very satisfactory, but we cannot help remembering that many a performer of ripe age and acknowledged merit, who has ceased to be a prodigy, brings equal gifts to audiences that are comparatively unresponsive. As one who is perhaps the greatest living violinist of our time said a few weeks ago, "We were all infant prodigies once, but we did not face the concert platform until we had outgrown that stage of our career." We hasten to add that Herr Zimbalist justified his audience, even though the tedious "Streghe" variations of Paganini may have tried its patience. He exhibits all the gifts that are claimed for him, and plays at times with a sentiment and feeling that are well nigh feminine in their delicacy.

COMMON CHORD.



HERR HEINRICH CONRIED, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, WHO CLAIMS THAT HE STILL HOLDS AN OLD CONTRACT WITH TETRAZZINI FOR £20 A WEEK.

Photograph by Aimé Dubout.



MR. OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN, OF THE MANHATTAN THEATRE, WHO IS PAYING TETRAZZINI £800 A PERFORMANCE.

## THE GREAT RIVAL OPERA-MANAGERS OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Oscar Hammerstein and Herr Heinrich Conried wage fast, and sometimes furious, war in their endeavours to secure the finest artists for their respective opera-houses. At the moment Mr. Hammerstein is scoring, for Tetrazzini is singing for him, and is as triumphant, as she was recently in England. As we have already noted, Mr. Hammerstein is paying the singer £800 a performance, while Herr Conried claims that he still holds an old contract by which Tetrazzini is bound to sing for him for £20 a week.

of ripe age and acknowledged merit, who has ceased to be a prodigy, brings equal gifts to audiences that are comparatively unresponsive. As one who is perhaps the greatest living violinist of our time said a few weeks ago, "We were all infant prodigies once, but we did not face the concert platform until we had outgrown that stage of our career." We hasten to add that Herr Zimbalist justified his audience, even though the tedious "Streghe" variations of Paganini may have tried its patience. He exhibits all the gifts that are claimed for him, and plays at times with a sentiment and feeling that are well nigh feminine in their delicacy.

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## WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

### The French Club-woman.

With the opening of the Lyceum Club in Paris, a new kind of being has suddenly come into existence — namely, the French club-woman, and it is not unamusing to watch her “create” the rôle.

The first thing that strikes one is that she requires her surroundings to be beautiful and gay, and so far as wonderful carved wood, silken hangings, and brocaded walls may make for the success of a club, she has them in superabundance in the Rue de la Bienfaisance. Her drawing-room has a ceiling painted with rosy clouds, and a perfect army of slim gilt chairs and tiny tables ministers to her new-born passion for tea at five o'clock. Meanwhile, she gingerly picks her steps in this revolutionary *milieu*. With mingled pride, diffidence, and awe, she walks about her club, opening a newspaper there, lighting a cigarette here, trembling with all the innocent ardour of the neophyte. And, lest anyone should think that the introduction of English club-life into Paris may have a deteriorating effect on *les mœurs*, I hasten to add that the only man I observed being entertained during a four-days' stay was an austere, elderly abbé in soutane and rabat!

**Anglomania Redivivus.** About every half-century or so our delightful French neighbours forget their griefs against perfidious Albion, and have an attack of Anglomania. They had it, strangely enough, directly after Waterloo, which goes to prove that there is no real rancour between the two peoples, such as exists between France and Germany. Another epidemic exists now, and to be really smart (a detestable word she has adopted with enthusiasm), the Parisienne must interlard her conversation with English words, and even occasionally — this is actually done on the stage — speak with a slight British accent.

No less an authority on the manners of the period than M. Marcel Prévost announces in the *Figaro* that the English set the fashion for all the civilised world, and that everyone of a certain rank, no matter what his or her nationality, is content meekly to follow us. Staying at Biarritz, the eminent novelist is struck by the fact that Scotch games and drinks are as popular with the foreign visitors as with the English, for golf and “whisky-soda” have invaded the continent of Europe in amazing fashion during the last five years. Moreover, the

French have learned to speak English with great facility, quite putting to shame our unspeakable usage of their own exquisite tongue. It is rare, nowadays, to find in Parisian society a young woman who does not speak English easily, and does not rave about the charms of London.



A NEW COAT AND SKIRT IN HEDGE-SPARROW BLUE CLOTH.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the “Woman-about-Town” page.)

**The Theatre of the Arts.** The Vicomte Robert d'Humières, well known in London as the translator of Kipling and of a brilliant book on the British Empire, has had the happy idea of founding a “Court Theatre” in Paris. To appeal to the “intellectuals” in any country, you must locate your playhouse in an unforeseen quarter. M. d'Humières has chosen the Boulevard des Batignolles for his experiment, but, once you are arrived, you find a pretty little theatre, with an unusually spick-and-span appearance for Paris, where playhouses are not luxurious. Here, to further the intellectual *entente*, there are to be “English Afternoons,” where British celebrities are to be lured across the Channel to lecture. English plays are also to be produced, and I would give much to be there when Mr. George Bernard Shaw is first presented to a critical Parisian audience. The piece which all Paris is now going to see is a Russian play which is a glorification of Muscovite womanhood. Mme. Vera Sergine, who plays the principal part in this tragedy, seems not so much an actress as the very incarnation of the revolution, and a more extraordinary performance it would be difficult to find on any stage to-day. The audience is not the least interesting part of the show, as was likewise the case in the recent halcyon days of our own Court Theatre.

**A Cardboard Capital.** Every time I come to Paris I am

struck with the unreal appearance of the town, especially in the less busy quarter which lies all round

the Champs Elysées. The tall, blank grey houses, with their grey wooden shutters, look no more real than the cardboard houses in a stage-play. Moreover it seems impossible that anyone is alive inside the houses. You never see a face at a window, and no one ever seems to emerge through the great brown doors — doors which are obviously made of painted cardboard, and not of wood. The greyness, the monotony, the absence of colours, the comparative silence are incredible after the warm colours, the red-brown skies, the portentous, seething “movement” of London.



## THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN.

IT has been wet and weary work wending one's way about the streets the last few days—moist air, if not actually raining, and greasy, affectionately clinging mud. The cream of the bargains has been skimmed; now people wait for the sensational reductions of the last week to acquire cheap things, whether they want them or not. Colds, coughs, influenza, bronchitis, and the blues are the consequences of the jack-in-the-box game the temperature has been playing. Mark Tapley philosophy is a favourite one in these right little, tight little islands of ours, for all our lively Gallic neighbours find us a dull lot. Those who are not rejoicing in an enforced rest are busy with bridge, shopping, and scandals. Of these latter there are an exciting lot in embryo, which are being discussed in whispers, some of which will later become audible. Let us hope a discreet some, for the talk is really wild.

Some women are busy with the Courts, the first of which is to take place on Friday fortnight. This is the earliest of the reign. In 1905 two were held in February—one on the 17th and one on the 24th. The next year, in consequence of the Queen's mourning for her father, there was no Court until May 25, followed by one other, on June 1. Last year we had the first on Feb. 22, and the second on March 1. In the last reign I can remember no Court so early. There is no more to be feared of the weather at the beginning of February than at the end. Also it is now a case of driving straight to the Palace, and at once being in warm, comfortable rooms. This is a decided improvement on the old days, when women were waiting in their carriages in the Mall any time from half an hour to an hour and a quarter, either half asphyxiated from want of air or chilled by its admission. Evening Courts are far more comfortable for those attending, and not nearly so expensive.

The State openings of Parliament make up to the sight-seeing public very largely for the scene on the Mall on Drawing Room day. Now that motor-cars are so much in use it

would in any case be robbed of some of its glories—the stage-coaches and flower-decked servants. It is nothing now for ladies to go in a hired brougham and men in a hansom. Not yet have we come to a subscription omnibus, which conveys so many German ladies to the smaller Courts of the Kaiser's Empire, but we seem to be on the way there. There are not the same time, thought, and money expended on dresses for the Courts in the evening as fell to the lot of those which had to face the daylight, and the circle of those privileged to attend has been enormously widened by our liberal-minded and far-seeing King.

The first Court is always especially brilliant, because all the Embassies are fully represented; also, the whole official circle. Many presentations are made in the diplomatic and official world, and very few are left for ladies of what is known as the general company. The second, which will follow the first closely, is usually a débutantes' Court. Mothers still desire, although it is no longer necessary, to have their girls make their curtsies to their Majesties before they enter on the joys of their first season, therefore applications for débutantes' cards for the second Court are very numerous. The Lord Chamberlain's department allot them as nearly as possible to the time requested. The possible, however, is often not very near.

It is yet early to write authoritatively about the dress campaign for the season. The edicts are issued in the models shown in early spring. Before that, all we have for guidance is what is worn on the Riviera and at Cairo. Advices from both places point to a revival of Directory period dress. This will fit in admirably with our growing love of long, plain lines. The statuesque style will almost certainly continue in vogue, as it found such ready acceptance. As the Empire style was adapted to suit latter-day ideas, so will the Directory period long-backed coats be subject to modification. There is the short coat too, with its high, rolled-back collar, wide-pointed lapels, and tight, gauntlet-cuffed sleeves.

On "Woman's Ways" page will be found a drawing of a coat and skirt which will be seen to be largely influenced by the Directory period idea. It is in hedge-sparrow blue cloth, with a fine black line in it. The length at the back and cutting-away in front are cleverly contrived. The embroidery on collar, lapels, and cuffs is in raised silk in Chinese blues and black.

## AS JOHN DORY AND ANCHOVY SEE YOU.

The experiments illustrated on another page in this issue were made by Professor Robert Williams Wood. The "fish-eye camera" was constructed because it is impossible for a human being to tell how a fish sees, even by going below water in diver's outfit, for the human eye cannot accommodate itself to vision under water.

In last week's issue of *The Sketch* we stated that the Hon. Charles Gideon Murray was Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies. This was an obvious error, and was caused by mispunctuation in a reference-book. Sir Francis Hopwood is, of course, the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Mr. Murray is his assistant private secretary.

The date of the opening of the Waldorf Hotel has been altered from the 22nd inst. to the 28th inst.

The high-class State Express cigarettes, so well known in every part of the world, are now packed for sale in the United Kingdom in patent air-tight vacuum tins containing 25, 50, and 100 cigarettes. This new form of packing has been introduced without extra charge.

Have you ever consciously tried to distinguish the chief characteristics of an individual by an autograph? To place before oneself a series of photographs of well-known people and to compare them with their autographs is both instructive and amusing. The

Sanatogen Company, of 83, Upper Thames Street, E.C., is in possession of a remarkable collection of autographs, many of them quite equal to inciting the envy of the habitual collector. Any student of human nature sufficiently interested in the



Mme. Maria Gay as Carmen. Signor Zenatello as Don José.

## THE REPORTED ENGAGEMENT OF MME. MARIA GAY AND SIGNOR ZENATELLO: THE FAMOUS SINGERS IN "CARMEN."

"Musical America" announces that Mme. Maria Gay, who has become famous as Carmen, is engaged to Signor Zenatello, the great tenor, and it is said that the wedding will take place in Milan during the spring. Our photograph shows Mme. Gay and Signor Zenatello in a performance of "Carmen" in South America.

Photograph reproduced by courtesy of the Concert Direction Daniel Mayer.

subject to write to the company at the address given, enclosing a penny stamp and mentioning *The Sketch*, may secure a copy of "The Autographs of Celebrities" free of charge.

Transatlantic visitors have lately remarked that London is becoming almost as great a telephone-using city as New York or Chicago. Few people realise that, although London has a larger population, it runs some of the big American cities very closely in the matter of telephones, and far outranks the Continental capitals: Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg. Signs of the rapid spread of the telephone in London are noticeable everywhere. The blue-enamelled sign, saying "N.T.C. Public Telephone" meets our eye at every "tube" or "underground" station, and at many other places. The National Telephone Company have even persuaded that most conservative person, the British hotel manager, to adopt the "branch exchange" system; and now in many large London hotels one can send or receive telephone calls without stirring from one's own room—long the practice in every first-class hotel in New York. Certainly the swiftness and convenience of the telephone service, especially in cases of sudden emergency, nowhere shine to greater advantage than in the private house.

There is no more discriminating smoker than the cigarette-smoker, and it is sometimes a difficult matter for cigarette-smokers to secure an enjoyable smoke. The cigarettes manufactured by Messrs. R. Lockyer and Co., 12-14, Bath Street, City Road, E.C., are made from the choicest tobacco, and are guaranteed in every case to be hand-made. Particular attention is drawn to the Turkish cigarette known as the "Savoy," which is delightfully mild and fragrant. The "Regal Oval" and "Palm" brand are made of the choicest Virginia tobacco, and undoubtedly appeal to the smoker of taste. A sample trial box will be sent to any of our readers on mentioning this paper and forwarding a postal order for 2s. 6d. to the makers.

Racing men have lately had to make see-saw journeys for their sport. From Haydock they had to come to Hurst Park; then back north to Manchester, whence they come south again for Windsor, where the following may win: Rays Hurdle, Boniface; Long Walk Steeplechase, Jenkinstown; Keep Hurdle, Collarmaker; Paddock Steeplechase, Time Test; Slough Hurdle, Cross Question; Borough Steeplechase, Brass Lock; Boveney Steeplechase, Veglo; Athens Hurdle, Boniface. At Lingfield, Sprinkle Me may win the New Year's Steeplechase, Queen's Cup the Stayers' Hurdle, Flaxfield the Holly Steeplechase, Black Plum the Eden Vale Hurdle, Crescent the Tandridge Court Hurdle, Warner the Weald Steeplechase, and Charlie O'Ryan the Hammerwood Steeplechase.



## THE MERE MAN.

THE PROBLEM OF MAN'S FLIGHT.

THE exploit of Mr. Farman in flying a curly kilometre with his aeroplane in Paris has once more turned the attention of the Man in the Street to the question of flying, as opposed to ballooning. Going up in a balloon can hardly be called flying, for it is really floating in the air, and the machine, or sausage, is liable to be blown about by every wind that comes along. But the aeroplane is a different matter, for the great point about it is that it is heavier than air, and so is more like a bird than a bit of thistledown, which is what a balloon most resembles.

When Mongolfier and his successors took to going up in the air in balloons which were lighter than the air they began at the wrong end. Of course, there is something very fascinating in going up in a balloon which rises directly from the earth by its own lightness, but it is a thing that cannot be steered, and the balloon and its passengers are entirely dependent on the way the wind blows for their direction, and upon sand-bags for their height above the earth. And tipping sand out of a balloon has its drawbacks, if not for those in the balloon, at least for those on earth, who are looking up, wide-eyed and open-mouthed, at the unwieldy machine above them. So far, balloons are sufficiently rare to minimise the disadvantages of the sand-shower, but those who have watched the sand-stream descending from a balloon must have meditated on the necessity of keeping one's eyes fixed on the earth when overhead races are being held.

The aeroplane is dependent neither upon gas nor upon sand-bags, but upon a motor-engine and the power of balance possessed by the man who directs it. It may possibly be objected that no bird, even an albatross, has a motor-engine concealed under its feathers; but it has its motive-power in muscles which in man are not yet sufficiently developed for flight, though they soon may be in a suffragette. The motive-power must be got somehow, and the muscles in a man's arms, even in those of a Sandow, are not yet capable of flapping about in what our grandfathers called the empyrean. So a motor engine has to be used to spin the screw which drives the aeroplane along.

The aeroplane is evidently on the right track for human flight, for birds and insects are all heavier than air, and are able to direct their flight, whereas thistledown, which is the only flying or floating thing lighter than air of which the Mere Man can think for the moment, is entirely dependent on chance gusts of wind for the direction it may happen to take. The cock-sparrow and the cockchafer, to take two typical specimens of the bird and insect race, are both considerably heavier than air, as anyone who has stopped a cock-

chafer with his eye on a balmy night in May will willingly admit. Both of these are completely independent of the wind, and it is by imitating them that man will fly, if he ever succeeds in making as much use of the air as he does of the water.

To the Mere Man the cockchafer seems to be the creature upon which the flying-machines of the future will have to be modelled. No one can say that there is anything of the balloon about it, for it is as hard as iron and as heavy as lead. And yet it can fly at a rare pace, and somehow manages to alight on a tree, or in your hair, without doing itself an injury. And it is this matter of alighting which seems to be the puzzle which will next demand solution. It seems to be proved that there is comparatively little difficulty in getting an aeroplane to lift itself off the earth, and to fly along for a considerable distance with its huge wings, and its motor-engine screw. But what the Mere Man distrusts is the bump at the end of the voyage, when the machine returns to earth.

So far Mr. Farman seems to have come down quite comfortably, and to have alighted without joggling his teeth out of his head. But he is only one man, and, moreover, he seems to have a most marvellous instinct of balance. But what will happen when two or three, or perhaps half-a-dozen, men get into an aeroplane, each one with his own ideas of balance, and each man looking out for himself and not for the machine or even for his neighbour? If the aeroplane does not tip up in mid-air and shoot all its passengers to earth like a sack of coals, it is safe to say that it will come down with a very Dickens of a bump, and that the joys of flight will be very distinctly limited by the sensations attending the return to Mother Earth.

Now, a cockchafer has a most wonderful assortment of legs. Probably there are only about half-a-dozen of them, but they feel like two or three hundred when they get entangled with the human form in any way. They are most elastic and prehensile, and enable the creature to alight without damage to itself wherever it likes. The next thing aeroplanists will have to do will be to catch cockchafers and study the conformation of their legs and feet, so that some sort of buffer may be invented which will enable man and his aeroplane to arrive safely at their destination without smashing themselves or anything they may happen to hit.

The Great Western Railway Company have just issued a new and enlarged edition of "South Wales, the Country of Castles; its Annals, Antiquities, and Attractions." The work is excellently illustrated and printed, and it contains much reading matter of considerable interest. It is published by the Great Western Railway Company, Paddington Station, W.

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**The point of most importance**

with every variety of skin illness is to give immediate attention to the signs that anything is wrong with your skin health. Slight troubles can be cured within a day or two or even in a few hours, but if you neglect these slight ailments the trouble will spread and increase and become more annoying and disfiguring. If your trouble is only slight, prevent its becoming worse by immediate attention, but if it be serious there is every reason why you should instantly commence your cure.

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053144 Mad Scene ... Donizetti  
(Lucia di Lammermoor)

The rôle offers great scope for the display of both dramatic and vocal gifts, and has for these reasons found a permanent place in the *répertoires* of most operatic sopranis. In the portions here recorded by Madame Tetrzzini, the orchestra first announces the plaintive melody, which is later taken up by the voice, and appears several times with extensive *floriture* for the singer. It may also be mentioned that the flute plays an important part in conjunction with the vocalist, and that the final *cadenzza* presents ample opportunity for a display of virtuosity upon the part of both artists.

## 053143 Shadow Song (Dinorah) ... Meyerbeer

The "Shadow Song" occurs at a point where Dinorah, the heroine, imagines that her lover Hôel has proved faithless, and, becoming demented, dances to her own shadow. The music has been cast in the form of a waltz with short interludes, and is full of brilliant vocal effects. Before the closing bars are reached, a florid *cadenzza* for voice and solo flute is introduced, as in the well-known air from "Lucia di Lammermoor."

## 053142 Polonaise (Mignon) ... Ambroise Thomas

Ambroise Thomas was born at Metz in 1811 and wrote a large number of works for the operatic stage, including "La double Échelle" (1837); "Le Perruquier de la Régence" (1838); "La Gipsy" (a ballet), and "Le Panier Fleuri," both produced in 1839; etc., etc. It was not until 1866, however, that he achieved his first real success, and this was with the opera "Mignon," the plot of which is founded upon Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." The most attractive portions of the music include the overture (founded upon Mignon's song and the polacca), the duet between Mignon and Lothario, the sparkling gavotte which serves to introduce the second act, the tenor song ("Adieu, Mignon"), and the polacca itself, which has long ranked as one of the most brilliant soprano airs.

## 053150 Bell Song (Lakmé) ... Delibes

The Bell Song (or to give its original title, "Légende de la fille du Paria") occurs in the second act of the opera and probably owes its English title to the fact that an important obligato is assigned to a peal of small bells. The composer has managed to give a certain amount of character to his music by means of the bells and also of slight imitations of Oriental tone colour which are heard from time to time. The vocal part is very grateful for the singer, particularly in the refrain where voice, higher wood-wind and bells are treated with many charming touches.

053146 Una voce poco fa ... Rossini  
(Il Barbiere di Siviglia)

Rosina's entrance aria, "Una voce poco fa." This piece is in the form to which most Italian composers adhered, viz., a slow opening section (here accompanied by occasional chords for the orchestra), which is succeeded by a quicker movement culminating in a coda which presents many opportunities for brilliant vocal display. Musically, the aria is full of charm and deservedly popular with all singers whose method enables them to overcome it with requisite lightness and *bravura*.

## 053141 Caro Nome (Rigoletto) ... Verdi

The air "Caro Nome" occurs just before the close of the second act, and is sung by Gilda, the daughter of Rigoletto, after the passionate love duet between the Duke of Mantua (who has managed to introduce himself into the Jester's house in the habit of a young student), and herself. It is based upon a graceful melody first entrusted to two flutes lightly accompanied by strings, and is later taken up by the singer. The pervading character of the music is one of great charm, and it forms, together with the Jester's music and the well-known tenor air "La donna è mobile," one of the salient features of what is by many considered to be Verdi's masterpiece in dramatic music.

053145 Voi che sapete ... Mozart  
(Le Nozze di Figaro)

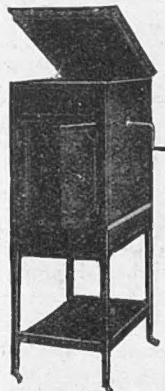
The air "Voi che sapete" is sung by the page Cherubino and occurs in the second act of the opera in a scene where he makes love to the Countess. In alluding to this romance, Jahn, in his well-known Mozart biography, writes: "Cherubino is not here directly expressing his feelings; he is depicting them in a romance, and he is in the presence of the Countess, towards whom he glances with all the bashfulness of boyish passion." The song is in ballad form, to suit the situation, the voice giving out the clear, lovely melody, while the stringed instruments carry on a simple accompaniment *pizzicato*, to imitate the guitar; this delicate outline is, however, shaded and animated in a wonderful degree by solo wind instruments.

053148 Batti, batti ... Mozart  
(Don Giovanni)

Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was written in 1787, and produced during the same year at Prague. The libretto was furnished by a Viennese Court dramatist, Da Ponte, who had also written "Le Nozze di Figaro," and is probably founded upon a play entitled "El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidada de piedra." The air "Batti, batti" is sung in the opera by the peasant girl Zerlina in a scene where she tries to allay her lover's suspicions regarding her feelings towards Don Giovanni.

## 053147 Ah fors è lui (Traviata) ... Verdi

Verdi's opera "La Traviata," is based upon a well-known play by Alexandre Dumas, "La Dame aux Camélias," and was produced at Venice in 1853. The first act is brought to an end with the aria "Ah fors è lui," sung by the heroine Violetta, and has always been recognised as a very effective medium for the display of the vocalist's art, and, as such, has long since established itself as part and parcel of every *coloratura* singer's repertoire.



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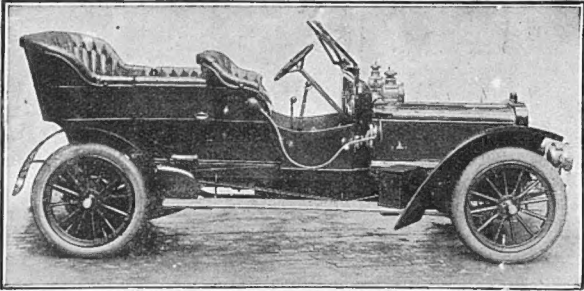


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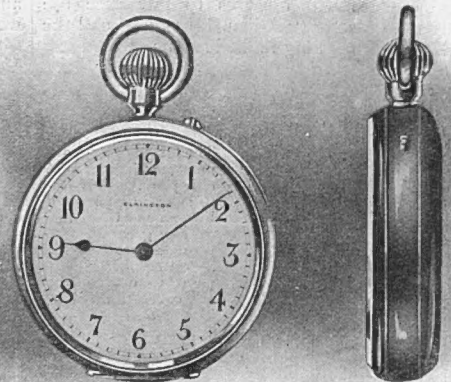
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